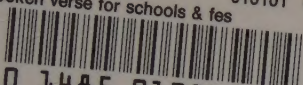


PR1175 .H45

Henderson, Thomas.

Spoken verse for schools & fes

010101 000



0 1485 0128475 3

ITHACA COLLEGE LIBRARY

VERSE

THOMAS HENDERSON

&

J.C. SMITH



OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS

808.85

4



ITHACA
COLLEGE
LIBRARY

PR
1175
H45

WITHDRAWN

Date Due

Demco 38-297

SPOKEN VERSE
FOR SCHOOLS & FESTIVALS

18745

Arranged by
THOMAS HENDERSON

With Introduction by

J. C. SMITH

Part I—Elementary



OXFORD
At the Clarendon Press

ITHACA COLLEGE LIBRARY

OXFORD
UNIVERSITY PRESS

AMEN HOUSE, E.C. 4
London Edinburgh Glasgow
New York Toronto Melbourne
Capetown Bombay Calcutta
Madras Shanghai

HUMPHREY MILFORD
PUBLISHER TO THE
UNIVERSITY

~~808.85~~
~~H~~

FIRST PUBLISHED 1928

REPRINTED 1935

PRINTED IN GREAT BRITAIN AT THE UNIVERSITY PRESS, OXFORD
BY JOHN JOHNSON, PRINTER TO THE UNIVERSITY

INTRODUCTION

MR. HENDERSON'S experience of musical festivals has convinced him, as my own experience in schools has convinced me, that to speak English verse properly one must first master the fundamental rhythms of English speech. 'Take care of the rhythm,' say the teachers of music, 'and the tune will take care of itself.'

If we read any sentence aloud we observe that some syllables are louder than others. Thus in the sentence which I have just written the marked syllables are louder than the rest. The succession of these loud syllables makes the rhythm or 'flow' of the sentence. In verse they succeed each other so regularly as to form a recognizable pattern, which can be measured off in lengths, and is therefore called metre.

But there is rhythm of movement as well as of words. When living bodies move they tend to move in rhythm; and when the bodies are human bodies they tend to keep time with voice as well as with limb. This happens even with solitary movements like walking, skipping, or running: the pedlar sings in time to his own footfall as he jogs on the footpath way. But when several bodies are moving as one the tendency to keep time with the voice is irresistible. Hence the simplest and strongest of all verse-patterns is the March. Infantry march with a steady tramp—tramp, left—right, left—right, in a measure of two syllables with the beat on the last:

The Émperór Napóleón hás a húndred thoúsand men.

Take off on the beat, right—left, right—left, and you have

Jóhn Brówn's bódy lies a-moúld'ring in the grave.

Mr. Hardy takes a shorter line, and smartens it to a quick-step with a trisyllabic take-off:

Wé be the Kíng's men, hále and heárty.

In the Dance we have a movement as natural and primitive as the March. In ancient, and even in medieval times, there was close union between dance and song. The commonest of all

English measures, the Ballad measure, arose from the ring-dance, where the odd lines were sung by individual dancers, and the even lines by the chorus, as may still be seen in a primitive ballad like *Baby Lon*:

There were three sisters lived in a bower—

Eh wow, bonny!

And they gaed forth to pu' a flower

On the bonny banks o' Fordie.

If this ballad were chosen for recitation, it should be recited in the ring-dance manner, with a chorus-leader, a chorus, and four actors. This same union of dance and song may still be found in many children's games, like

Here we go round the mulberry bush,

and in the verse of poets like Blake and Mr. de la Mare, whose ears are open to children's music. Mr. Noyes's 'Go down to Kew in lilac time' goes to a tune that is known in Scotland as 'Mateerie and Matornie', and in less happier lands as 'We won't go home till morning'.

When the movement of cavalry has to be represented, the big drum gives place to the kettle-drum, and the foot-slogging disyllables break into feet of three syllables, with the beat on the middle for the trot or the canter, on the first or the last for the gallop and the charge:

Dundée he has mouñted, he rides up the stréet:

And no vóice but was práising this Róland of míne.

A mixture of two- and three-syllabled feet suits the rapid but broken movement of the hunt or the steeplechase:

Are you réady fór your stéeplesháse, Lorráine, Lorráine, Lorrée?

Marching, dancing, and riding are not the only bodily movements that the voice instinctively tends to accompany. Sailors sing as they tug at the oar, or pull on the halyards, or heave the capstan round; women used to sing as they ground at the quern or span at the wheel, and they still sing as they rock the cradle. Of sailors' chanties there is no end, though most of them have little merit apart from the tune: the typical form has a refrain after each line, as in 'Lowlands, Lowlands'. Milling-songs are

very ancient: there is a scrap of Greek, twenty-five centuries old, which runs like this:

Grind, oh mill, grind well;
And Pittacus grinds well,
Grinding our fair Mitylene.

But women have long ceased to grind at the mill, and we have few traces of the mill-song left in English. There is an old Scots song, however, 'Oh, the mill, mill, oh', and Burns's 'Hey the dusty miller'. Spinning lasted longer than milling; but here again we must fall back on Scots for 'Tarry 'oo'. In these songs the poets are not content merely to keep time: they seek also to catch the clack of the mill or the hum of the spinning-wheel. But women's motion-singing is naturally heard at its best by far in Cradle-songs and Lullabies, and of these there is no lack. The Cradle-song proper has a well-marked trisyllabic rhythm:

Oh, húsh thee, my báby, thy síre was a knight.

The Lullaby, when it is not a Cradle song, may be slower and more various.

In Marches the time alone matters; but in verse inspired by instruments other than the drum the poets seek not only to keep the time but to suggest the quality of the tone. The simplest of these instruments is the shepherd's pipe, made of a single reed, and capable only of simple melodies such as Blake has caught in

Piping down the valleys wild,

where yet the pipe's note is suggested, not only by the repeated *p* in 'piping' and 'pleasant', but more insistently by the high, sweet, shrill *ee* of the rhyming words in all the even lines. The bagpipe is capable of effects more varied and sustained; it can time the lively strathspey, or wail the coronach, or knell for the onset. The attempt to represent quality as well as rhythm is still more apparent in verses inspired by the fuller, rounder notes of the horn, bugle, or clarion; whether the horn sound a merry tarantara, or the trumpet's loud clangour excite us to arms.

No kind of instrumental music has inspired so much good English verse as the music of bells. English verse rings with that music from near or far. There is—or was, for it is heard no more—the plain 'clink clank' of the watchman's bell—the bellman's drowsy charm 'To bless our doors from nightly harm.'

'There is the sleigh-bells' merry jingle—a jingle by daylight, but softened to a silvery tinkle 'in the icy air of night'. There is the far-off 'lin-lan-lone' of vesper bells, dearest of all sounds to Tennyson's ear, and endeared to Father Prout by the associations of childhood—and surely there is no sound more potent to awaken emotion than the sound of distant chimes. Finally, to the bell belongs the solemn office of knelling for passing souls. The Sea-Dirge in the *Tempest* is too fanciful for solemnity; but Webster's Land-Dirge is grim enough.

There is one little but lovely department of English poetry which may fairly be said to have been created by the music of bells. I mean, of course, the Carol. The Carol, like the Ballad, belongs to the Age of Faith: it is directly associated with Christmastide, with the adoration of the Babe and the reverence of the Virgin; and through all the best examples we hear the carillon of Christmas bells.

So much for the commoner patterns of English verse. It must never be forgotten, however, that all verse above the rank of jingle has sense as well as pattern, and we may read it according to either. Fortunately, in folk-verse and verse modelled on it, from which most of the examples in this elementary book are taken, sense and pattern generally coincide, and I need dwell no longer on that matter in this place.

J. C. SMITH.

NOTE

Acknowledgements for leave to include copyright poems are due to Messrs. Bell & Sons for William Allingham's 'The Fairy Shoemaker'; to Messrs. Macmillan for Mr. Thomas Hardy's 'We be the King's Men', from *The Dynasts*, and also for Tennyson's 'Far, far away'; to Mr. Walter de la Mare for 'Off the Ground'; to Messrs. Brown Son and Ferguson for 'Good-bye, fare you well' and 'The Liverpool Packet' from Captain W. B. Whall's 'Sea Songs and Shanties'.

CONTENTS

PART I. ELEMENTARY

(a) WALKING, MARCHING, RUNNING

The Great Race	1
How many Miles to Babylon?	1
Marriage and Matrimony	1
John Young, a Foulon Fine	2
Tom, Tom, the Piper's Son	2
The Hungry Napoleon	2
The Grand Old Duke of York	2
John Brown's Body	3
We be the King's Men	3
The Song of the Western Men	4
Cats and Dogs, come out to Play	4
The Wind in a Fork	5
Under the Greenwood Tree	7
Who would True Valour see	7

(b) DANCING, SKIPPING

Hey Diddle Diddle	8
Water, Water, Walkbomen	8
Here we go round the Mulberry Bush	9
Here we go gathering Nuts in May	9
I had a little Nut Tree	9
The Keel Row	10
Off the Ground	10
Hey nanny no!	14
Laughing Song	14

(c) RIDING

Pads & Cocks-Horns	15
Billy-boy, Billy-boy	15
Mary Annree	15
March, march, Patrick and Terence	18
My Heart's in the Highlands	18
How they brought the Good News	19
Brumle Diddle	21

(d) *CHANTIES, MILLING, SMITHING, COBB-
LING, SPINNING, CRADLE SONGS*

What shall we do with the Drunken Sailor?	23
Blow the Man down	24
Where have you been all the Day	24
Shenandoah	25
Good-bye, fare you well	26
The Liverpool Packet	27
Oh, the Mill, Mill, oh!	28
Hey, the Dusty Miller	Robert Burns 28
The Song of the Cyclops	Thomas Dekker 29
The Lepracaun or The Fairy Shoemaker	William Allingham 30
Tarry'Oo	32
Hush-a-bye, Baby	33
Hush-a-ba, Birdie, croon, croon	33
Oh! can ye sew Cushions	33
Lullaby of an Infant Chief	Sir Walter Scott 34
You Spotted Snakes	William Shakespeare 35

(e) *PIPES AND BUGLES*

John Peel	J. W. Graves 35
The Hunt is up	William Gray 36
Piping down the Valleys Wild	William Blake 37
The Piper o' Dundee	38
Pibroch o' Donuil Dhu	Sir Walter Scott 39
Coronach	Sir Walter Scott 40

(f) *BELLS, DIRGES, CAROLS*

Jingle, Bells	41
The Bells	E. A. Poe 42
Far, far away	Lord Tennyson 45
Dream-Pedlary	Thomas Lovell Beddoes 46
The Elfin Pedlar	George Darley 46
Full Fathom Five	William Shakespeare 48
Call for the Robin Red-Breast and the Wren	John Webster 48
Where shall the Lover rest?	Sir Walter Scott 48
Proud Maisie	Sir Walter Scott 50
The Loss of the Royal George	William Cowper 50
I saw Three Ships	52
Cherry-Tree Carol (Part II)	53
The Holly and the Ivy	53
The First Nowell	55

I. ELEMENTARY

(a) *WALKING, MARCHING, RUNNING*

HOT-CROSS BUNS

Hot-cross Buns!

Hot-cross Buns!

One a penny, two a penny,

Hot-cross Buns!

Hot-cross Buns!

Hot-cross Buns!

If you have no daughters,

Give them to your sons.

HOW MANY MILES TO BABYLON?

How many miles to Babylon? Three score and ten.

Will we be there by Candlemas? Yes, and back again.

Open your gates and let us through.

Not without a beck and boo.

There 's the beck and there 's the boo,

Open your gates and let us through.

MATEERIE AND MATORNIE

HAVE you any bread and wine, bread and wine, bread and wine,

Have you any bread and wine, Mateerie and Matornie?

Yes, we have some bread and wine, bread and wine, bread and wine.

Yes, we have some bread and wine, Mateerie and Matornie!

ANONYMOUS

JOHN SMITH, A FELLOW FINE

JOHN SMITH, a fellow fine,
Can you shoe this horse o' mine?

Yes, indeed, and that I can,
Just as weel as ony man.

Pit a bit upon the tae
To gar the powney climb the brae.

Pit a bit upon the heel
To gar the powney pace weel—

Pace weel, pace weel, powney.

TOM, TOM, THE PIPER'S SON

TOM, Tom the Piper's son,
Stole a pipe and away he ran,
But the only tune that he could play,
Was 'Over the hills and far away.'

THE EMPEROR NAPOLEON

THE Emperor Napoleon has a hundred thousand men,
The Emperor Napoleon has a hundred thousand men,
The Emperor Napoleon has a hundred thousand men,
As we go marching on.

THE GRAND OLD DUKE OF YORK

O THE grand old Duke of York,
He had ten thousand men,
He marched them up to the top of the hill,
Then marched them down again.

gar] make.

And when they were up, they were up,
And when they were down, they were down,
And when they were only half way up,
They were neither up nor down.

JOHN BROWN'S BODY

JOHN BROWN's body lies a-mould'ring in the grave,
John Brown's body lies a-mould'ring in the grave,
John Brown's body lies a-mould'ring in the grave,
As we go marching on.

WE BE THE KING'S MEN

We be the King's men, hale and hearty,
Marching to meet one Buonaparty;
If he won't sail lest the wind should blow,
We shall have marched for nothing, O!
Right fol-lol!

We be the King's men, hale and hearty,
Marching to meet one Buonaparty:
If he be sea-sick, says 'No, no!'
We shall have marched for nothing, O!
Right fol-lol!'

We be the King's men, hale and hearty,
Marching to meet one Buonaparty;
Never mind, mates; we'll be merry, though
We may have marched for nothing, O!
Right fol-lol!

THOMAS HARDY.

THE SONG OF THE WESTERN MEN

A good sword and a trusty hand,
A merry heart and true:
King James's men shall understand
What Cornish lads can do.
And have they fixed the where and when?
And shall Trelawny die?
Here 's twenty thousand Cornish men
Will know the reason why!
Out spake their captain brave and bold,
A merry wight was he:
' If London Tower were Michael's hold,
We'll set Trelawney free!
' We'll cross the Tamar, land to land—
The Severn is no stay—
With "one and all", and hand in hand,
And who shall bid us nay?
' And when we come to London Wall,
A pleasant sight to view,
Come forth, come forth! ye cowards all;
Here 's men as good as you.
' Trelawney he 's in keep and hold,
Trelawney he may die;
But here 's twenty thousand Cornish bold
Will know the reason why! '

R. S. HAWKER.

GIRLS AND BOYS COME OUT TO PLAY

GIRLS and boys come out to play,
The moon doth shine as bright as day;
Leave your supper, and leave your sleep,
And come with your playfellows into the street.

Come with a whoop, come with a call,
Come with a goodwill or not at all.
Up the ladder and down the wall,
A half-penny roll will serve us all.
You find milk, and I'll find flour,
And we'll have a pudding in half-an-hour.

THE WIND IN A FROLIC

THE wind one morning sprang up from sleep,
Saying, ' Now for a frolic! now for a leap!
Now for a mad-cap galloping chase!
I'll make a commotion in every place! '

So it swept with a bustle right through a great town,
Cracking the signs and scattering down
Shutters; and whisking, with merciless squalls,
Old women's bonnets and gingerbread stalls.
There never was heard a much lustier shout,
As the apples and oranges trundled about;
And the urchins that stand with their thievish eyes
For ever on watch, ran off each with a prize.

Then away to the field it went blustering and humming,
And the cattle all wonder'd whatever was coming;
It pluck'd by the tails the grave matronly cows,
And toss'd the colts' manes all over their brows;
Till, offended at such an unusual salute,
They all turn'd their backs, and stood sulky and mute.

So on it went capering and playing its pranks,
Whistling with reeds on the broad river's banks,
Puffing the birds as they sat on the spray,
Or the traveller grave on the king's highway.

It was not too nice to hustle the bags
Of the beggar, and flutter his dirty rags.

'Twas so bold, that it feared not to play its joke
With the doctor's wig or the gentleman's cloak.
Through the forest it roar'd, and cried gaily, ' Now,
You sturdy old oaks, I'll make you bow! '

And it made them bow without much ado,
Or it crack'd their great branches through and through.
Then it rush'd like a monster on cottage and farm,
Striking their dwellings with sudden alarm;
And they ran out like bees in a mid-summer swarm.
There were dames with their kerchiefs tied over their
caps,

To see if their poultry were free from mishaps;

The turkeys they gobbled, the geese scream'd aloud,
And the hens crept to roost in a terrified crowd;
There was rearing of ladders, and logs laying on,
Where the thatch from the roof threaten'd soon to be
gone.

But the wind had swept on, and had met in a lane
With a schoolboy, who panted and struggled in vain;
For it toss'd him, and twirl'd him, then pass'd, and he
stood

With his hat in a pool, and his shoes in the mud.

Then away went the wind in its holiday glee,
And now it was far on the billowy sea,
And the lordly ships felt its staggering blow,
And the little boats darted to and fro.
But lo! it was night, and it sank to rest
On the sea-bird's rock in the gleaming west,
Laughing to think, in its fearful fun,
How little of mischief it had done.

WILLIAM HOWITT.

UNDER THE GREENWOOD TREE

UNDER the greenwood tree,
 Who loves to lie with me,
 And turn his merry note
 Unto the sweet bird's throat,
 Come hither, come hither, come hither;
 Here shall he see
 No enemy
 But winter and rough weather.

Who doth ambition shun,
 And loves to live i' the sun,
 Seeking the food he eats,
 And pleased with what he gets,
 Come hither, come hither, come hither;
 Here shall he see
 No enemy,
 But winter and rough weather.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

WHO WOULD TRUE VALOUR SEE

Who would true valour see,
 Let him come hither;
 One here will constant be,
 Come wind, come weather.
 There's no discouragement
 Shall make him once relent
 His first avow'd intent,
 To be a pilgrim.

Whoso beset him round
 With dismal stories,
 Do but themselves confound,
 His strength the more is.

JOHN BUNYAN

No lion can him fright,
 He'll with a giant fight,
 But he will have a right
 To be a pilgrim.

Hobgoblin, nor foul fiend,
 Can daunt his spirit;
 He knows he at the end
 Shall life inherit.
 Then fancies fly away,
 He'll fear not what men say,
 He'll labour night and day
 To be a pilgrim.

JOHN BUNYAN.

(b) *DANCING AND SKIPPING*

HEY DIDDLE DUMPLING

HEY Diddle Dumpling, my son John
 Went to bed with his breeches on:
 One shoe off, and one shoe on;
 Hey Diddle Dumpling, my son John.

WATER, WATER, WALLFLOWERS

WATER, water, wallflowers,
 Growing up so high!
 We are all maidens,
 And we must all die—
 Excepting (Mary Sanderson)
 The youngest of us all.

She can dance and she can sing,
And she shall wear a wedding ring.
Fie, fie, fie for shame!
Turn your face to the wall again.

HERE WE GO ROUND THE MULBERRY BUSH

HERE we go round the Mulberry Bush,
The Mulberry Bush,
The Mulberry Bush,
Here we go round the Mulberry Bush,
On a cold and frosty morning.

HERE WE GO GATHERING NUTS IN MAY

HERE we go gathering nuts in May,
Nuts in May,
Nuts in May,
Here we go gathering nuts in May,
So early in the morning.

I HAD A LITTLE NUT TREE

I HAD a little nut tree,
Nothing would it bear,
But a silver nut-meg,
And a golden pear.
The King of Spain's daughter
Came to visit me,
And all was because of
My little nut tree.
I skipped over water,
I danced over sea,
And all the birds in the air,
Could not catch me.

THE KEEL ROW

As I cam' doon the Sandgate,
 The Sandgate, the Sandgate,
 As I cam' doon the Sandgate,

I heard a lassie sing,
 ' O weel may the keel row,
 The keel row, the keel row,
 O weel may the keel row,
 The ship my laddie 's in.

' O wha is like my Johnny,
 Sae leish, sae blythe, sae bonny?
 He 's foremost 'mong the mony
 Keel lads o' coaly Tyne:
 He'll set and row so tightly,
 Or in the dance—so sprightly—
 He'll cut and shuffle sightly;
 'Tis true,—were he not mine.

' He wears a blue bonnet,
 Blue bonnet, blue bonnet;
 He wears a blue bonnet,—
 And a dimple on his chin:
 And weel may the keel row,
 The keel row, the keel row,
 And weel may the keel row,
 The ship my laddie 's in.'

OFF THE GROUND

THREE jolly Farmers,
 Once bet a pound—
 Each dance the others would
 Off the ground.

leish] lithe.

Out of their coats
They slipped right soon,
And neat and nicesome
Put each his shoon.
One—Two—Three!
And away they go,
Not too fast
And not too slow;
Out from the elm-tree's
Noon-day shadow,
Into the sun
And across the meadow.
Past the schoolroom,
With knees well bent,
Fingers a-flicking,
They dancing went.
Upsides and over,
And round and round,
They crossed click-clacking
The Parish bound;
By Tupman's meadow
They did their mile,
Tee-to-tum
On a three-barred stile.
Then straight through Whipman
Downhill to Week,
Footing it lightsome
But not too quick,
Up fields to Watchet
And on through Wye,
Till seven fine churches
They'd seen skip by—
Seven fine churches,
And five old mills,

Farms in the valley
 And sheep on the hills;
 Old Man's Acre
 And Dead Man's Pool
 All left behind
 As they danced through Wool;
 And Wool gone by
 Like tops that seem
 To spin in sleep
 They danced in dream:
 Withy—Wellover—
 Wassop—Wo—
 Like an old clock
 Their heels did go.
 A league and a league
 And a league they went,
 And not one weary
 And not one spent.
 And lo! and behold!
 Past Willow-cum-Leigh
 Stretched with its waters
 The great green sea.
 Says Farmer Bates:
 'I puffs and I blows,
 What 's under the water
 Why, no man knows.'
 Says Farmer Giles:
 'My mind comes weak,
 And a good man drowned
 Is far to seek.'
 But Farmer Turvey,
 On twirling toes,
 Ups with his gaiters,
 And in he goes:

Down where the mermaids
Pluck and play
On their twangling harps
In a sea-green day;
Down where the mermaids,
Finned and fair,
Sleek with their combs
Their yellow hair. . . .
Bates and Giles
On the shingle sat,
Gazing at Turvey's
Floating hat.
But never a ripple
Nor bubble told
Where he was supping
Off plates of gold.
Never an echo
Rilled through the sea
Of the feasting and dancing
And minstrelsy.
They called—called—called:
Came no reply!
Nought but the ripples'
Sandy sigh.
Then glum and silent
They sat instead
Vacantly brooding
On home and bed,
Till both together
Stood up and said:
'Us know not, dreams not
Where you be,
Turvey, unless
In the deep blue sea;

WALTER DE LA MARE

But excusing silver—
 And it comes most willing—
 Here 's us two paying
 Our forty shilling;
 For its sartin sure, Turvey,
 Safe and sound
 You danced us square, Turvey,
 Off the ground.'

WALTER DE LA MARE

HEY NONNY NO!

HEY nonny no!
 Men are fools that wish to die!
 Is 't not fine to dance and sing
 When the bells of death do ring?
 Is 't not fine to swim in wine,
 And turn upon the toe
 And sing hey nonny no,
 When the winds do blow,
 And the seas do flow?
 Hey nonny no!

LAUGHING SONG

WHEN the green woods laugh with the voice of joy,
 And the dimpling stream runs laughing by;
 When the air does laugh with our merry wit,
 And the green hill laughs with the noise of it;
 When the meadows laugh with lively green,
 And the grasshopper laughs in the merry scene;
 When Mary and Susan and Emily
 With their sweet round mouths sing, ' Ha, Ha, He! '

When the painted birds laugh in the shade,
Where our table with cherries and nuts is spread,
Come live, and be merry, and join with me,
To sing the sweet chorus of ' Ha, Ha, He! '

WILLIAM BLAKE.

(c) *RIDING*

RIDE A COCK-HORSE

RIDE a cock-horse to Banbury Cross,
To see an old lady ride on a white horse;
Rings on her fingers and bells on her toes,
She shall have music wherever she goes.

BILLY-BOY, BILLY-BOY

BILLY-Boy, Billy-Boy, where are you riding to?
Riding old Dobbin to Banbury Fair.
Billy-Boy, Billy-Boy, shall you be long away?
Just twice as long as it takes to get there.

Billy-Boy, Billy-Boy, what will you bring for me?
One golden fiddle to play a fine tune,
Two magic wishes, and three fairy fishes,
And four rainbow-ropes to climb up to the moon.

MARY AMBREE

WHEN captains courageous, whom death could not daunt,
Did march to the siege of the city of Gaunt,
They mustered their soldiers by two and by three,
And the foremost in battle was Mary Ambree.

When brave Sir John Major was slain in her sight,
Who was her true lover, her joy, and delight,
Because he was slain most treacherously,
Then vowed to revenge him, Mary Ambree.
She clothèd herself from the top to the toe,
In buff of the bravest, most seemly to show;
A fair shirt of mail then slippèd on she;
Was not this a brave bonny lass, Mary Ambree?
A helmet of proof she straight did provide,
A strong arming sword she girt by her side,
On her hands a fair pair of good gauntlets put she;
Was not this a brave bonny lass, Mary Ambree?
'My soldiers', she saith, 'so valiant and bold,
Now follow your captain, whom you do behold;
Still foremost in battle myself will I be!'
Was not this a brave bonny lass, Mary Ambree?
Then cried out her soldiers, and loud they did say,
'So well thou becomest this gallant array,
Thy heart and thy weapons so well do agree,
There was none ever like our Mary Ambree!'
She cheerèd her soldiers that foughten for life,
With ancient and standard, with drum and with fife,
With brave clanging trumpets, that sounded so free;
Was not this a brave bonny lass, Mary Ambree?
'Before I will see the worst of you all
To come into danger of death or of thrall,
This hand and this life I will venture so free;'
Was not this a brave bonny lass, Mary Ambree?
She led up her soldiers in battle array,
'Gainst three times their number, by break of the day;
Seven hours in a skirmish continuèd she;
Was not this a brave bonny lass, Mary Ambree?

ancient] ensign.

She fillèd the skies with the smoke of her shot,
And her enemies' bodies with bullets so hot;
For one of her own men a score killèd she;
Was not this a brave bonny lass, Mary Ambree?
And when a false gunner, to spoil her intent,
Away with her pellets and powder had sent,
Straight with her keen weapon she slashed him in three;
Was not this a brave bonny lass, Mary Ambree?

Being falsely betrayèd for lucre of hire,
At length she was forcèd to make a retire;
Then her soldiers into a strong castle drew she;
Was not this a brave bonny lass, Mary Ambree?

Her foes they beset her on every side,
As thinking close siege she could never abide;
To beat down the walls they all did decree;
But stoutly defied them brave Mary Ambree.

Then took she her sword and her target in hand,
And mounting the walls undaunted did stand,
There daring their captains to match any three,
O, what a brave captain was Mary Ambree!

' Now say, English captain, what would'st thou give
To ransom thyself, which else must not live?
Come, yield thyself quickly, or slain thou must be.'
Then sweetly smiled on them brave Mary Ambree.

' Ye captains courageous, of valour so bold,
Whom thinkest you before you now do behold? '
' A knight, sir, of England, and captain so free,
Who shortly with us a prisoner must be.'

' No captain of England behold in your sight,
Though attired as a soldier, I am truly no knight;
No Knight, sirs, of England, nor captain you see,
But a poor simple lass, callèd Mary Ambree.'

‘ But art thou a woman as thou dost declare,
 Whose valour hath proved so undaunted in war?
 If England doth yield such brave lasses as thee,
 Full well may they conquer, fair Mary Ambree! ’

MARCH, MARCH, ETTRICK AND TEVIOTDALE

MARCH, march, Ettrick and Teviotdale,
 Why, my lads, dinna ye march forward in order!
 March, march, Eskdale and Liddesdale,
 All the blue bonnets are over the Border.
 Many a banner spread flutters above your head,
 Many a crest that is famous in story,
 Mount and make ready then, sons of the mountain glen,
 Fight for your Queen and the old Scottish glory.
 Come from the hills where your hirsels are grazing,
 Come from the glen of the buck and the roe:
 Come to the crag where the beacon is blazing;
 Come with the buckler, the lance and the bow.
 Trumpets are sounding, war-steeds are bounding:
 Stand to your arms, and march in good order:
 England shall many a day tell of the bloody fray,
 When the blue bonnets came over the Border.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

MY HEART 'S IN THE HIGHLANDS

My heart 's in the Highlands, my heart is not here,
 My heart 's in the Highlands, a-chasing the deer,
 A-chasing the wild deer and following the roe—
 My heart 's in the Highlands, wherever I go!

hirsels] flocks.

Farewell to the Highlands, farewell to the North,
The birth-place of valour, the country of worth!
Wherever I wander, wherever I rove,
The hills of the Highlands for ever I love.

Farewell to the mountains high cover'd with snow
Farewell to the straths and green valleys below,
Farewell to the forests and wild-hanging woods,
Farewell to the torrents and loud-pouring floods!

My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here,
My heart's in the Highlands, a-chasing the deer,
A-chasing the wild deer and following the roe—
My heart's in the Highlands, wherever I go!

ROBERT BURNS.

HOW THEY BROUGHT THE GOOD NEWS

I SPRANG to the stirrup, and Joris, and he;
I galloped, Dirck galloped, we galloped all three;
'Good speed!' cried the watch, as the gate-bolts undrew;
'Speed!' echoed the wall to us galloping through;
Behind shut the postern, the lights sank to rest,
And into the midnight we galloped abreast.

Not a word to each other; we kept the great pace
Neck by neck, stride by stride, never changing our place;
I turned in my saddle, and made its girths tight,
Then shortened each stirrup, and set the pique right,
Rebuckled the cheek-strap, chained slacker the bit.
Nor galloped less steadily Roland a whit.

'Twas moonset at starting; but while we drew near
Lokeren, the cocks crew, and twilight dawned clear;
At Boom, a great yellow star came out to see;
At Duffeld, 'twas morning as plain as could be;

And from Mecheln church-steeple we heard the half-chime,

So Joris broke silence with, ' Yet there is time! '

At Aerschot, up leaped of a sudden the sun,
And against him the cattle stood black every one,
To stare thro' the mist at us galloping past,
And I saw my stout galloper Roland at last,
With resolute shoulders, each butting away
The haze, as some bluff river headland its spray.

And his low head and crest, just one sharp ear bent back
For my voice, and the other pricked out on his track;
And one eye's black intelligence,—ever that glance
O'er its white edge at me, his own master, askance!
And the thick heavy spume-flakes which ay and anon
His fierce lips shook upwards in galloping on.

By Hasselt, Dirck groaned; and cried Joris, ' Stay spur!
Your Roos galloped bravely, the fault 's not in her,
We'll remember at Aix '—for one heard the quick wheeze
Of her chest, saw the stretched neck and staggering knees,
And sunk tail, and the horrible heave of the flank,
As down on her haunches she shuddered and sank.

So we were left galloping, Joris and I,
Past Looz and past Tongres, no cloud in the sky;
The broad sun above laughed a pitiless laugh;
'Neath our feet broke the brittle bright stubble like chaff;
Till over by Dalhem a dome-spire sprang white,
And ' Gallop ', gasped Joris, ' for Aix is in sight! '
' How they'll greet us! '—and all in a moment his roan
Rolled neck and croup over, lay dead as a stone;
And there was my Roland to bear the whole weight
Of the news which alone could save Aix from her fate,
With his nostrils like pits full of blood to the brim,
And with circles of red for his eye-sockets' rim.

Then I cast loose my buffcoat, each holster let fall,
 Shook off both my jackboots, let go belt and all,
 Stood up in the stirrup, leaned, patted his ear,
 Called my Roland his pet-name, my horse without peer;
 Clapped my hands, laughed and sang, any noise, bad or
 good,

Till at length into Aix Roland galloped and stood.

And all I remember is, friends flocking round
 As I sat with his head 'twixt my knees on the ground;
 And no voice but was praising this Roland of mine,
 As I poured down his throat our last measure of wine,
 Which (the burgesses voted by common consent)
 Was no more than his due who brought good news from
 Ghent.

ROBERT BROWNING.

BONNIE DUNDEE

To the Lords of Convention 'twas Claver 'se who spoke,
 'Ere the King's crown shall fall there are crowns to be
 broke;

So let each Cavalier who loves honour and me,
 Come follow the bonnet of Bonnie Dundee.

 'Come fill up my cup, come fill up my can,
 Come saddle your horses and call up your men;
 Come open the West Port, and let me gang free,
 And it 's room for the bonnets of Bonny Dundee!'

Dundee he is mounted, he rides up the street,
 The bells are rung backward, the drums they are beat;
 But the Provost, douce man, said, 'Just e'en let him be,
 The Gude Town is weel quit of that Deil of Dundee.'

 'Come fill up my cup,' &c.

douce] quiet

With sour-featured Whigs the Grassmarket was cramm'd
 As if half the West had set tryst to be hang'd;
 There was spite in each look, there was fear in each e'e,
 As they watched for the bonnets of Bonny Dundee.

'Come fill up my cup,' &c.

These cowls of Kilmarnock had spits and had spears,
 And lang-hafted gullies to kill Cavaliers;
 But they shrunk to close-heads, and the causeway was free,
 At the toss of the bonnet of Bonny Dundee.

'Come fill up my cup,' &c.

He spurr'd to the foot of the proud Castle rock,
 And with the gay Gordon he gallantly spoke;
 'Let Mons Meg and her marrows speak twa words or three,
 For the love of the bonnet of Bonny Dundee.'

'Come fill up my cup,' &c.

The Gordon demands of him which way he goes—
 'Where'er shall direct me the shade of Montrose.
 Your Grace in short space shall hear tidings of me,
 Or that low lies the bonnet of Bonny Dundee.

'Come fill up my cup,' &c.

'There are hills beyond Pentland, lands beyond Forth;
 If there's lords in the Lowlands, there's chiefs in the
 North;

There are wild Duniewassals, three thousand times three,
 Will cry *hoigh* for the bonnet of Bonny Dundee.

'Come fill up my cup,' &c.

'There's brass on the target of barken'd bull-hide;
 There's steel in the scabbard that dangles beside;
 The brass shall be burnish'd, the steel shall flash free,
 At a toss of the bonnet of Bonny Dundee.'

'Come fill up my cup,' &c.

gullies] knives

marrows] mates

Duniewassals] Highland gentlemen

‘ Away to the hills, to the caves, to the rocks—
Ere I own an usurper, I’ll couch with the fox;
And tremble, false Whigs, in the midst of your glee,
You have not seen the last of my bonnet and me!’

‘ Come fill up my cup,’ &c.

He waved his proud hand, and the trumpets were blown,
The kettle-drums clash’d, and the horsemen rode on,
Till on Ravelston’s cliffs and on Clermiston’s lee
Died away the wild war-notes of Bonny Dundee.

‘ Come fill up my cup, come fill up my can,
Come saddle my horses and call up the men,
Come open your gates and let me gae free,
For it ’s up with the bonnets of Bonny Dundee!’

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

(d) *CHANTIES, CRADLE SONGS, ETC.*

WHAT SHALL WE DO WITH THE DRUNKEN
SAILOR?

(Windlass and Capstan)

WHAT shall we do with the drunken sailor,
What shall we do with the drunken sailor,
What shall we do with the drunken sailor,
Early in the morning?

Hooray and up she rises,
Hooray and up she rises,
Hooray and up she rises
Early in the morning.

Put him in the long-boat until he ’s sober
Hooray and up she rises.

ANONYMOUS

Pull out the plug and wet him all over.

Hooray and up she rises.

Put him in the scuppers with a hose-pipe on him.

Hooray and up she rises.

Heave him by the leg in a running bowline.

Hooray and up she rises.

Tie him to the taffrail when she 's yard-arm under.

Hooray and up she rises.

BLOW THE MAN DOWN

(Halliards)

Blow the man down, bullies, blow the man down;

With my aye-aye—blow the man down!

If he be white man, or black man, or brown,

Give me some time and I'll blow the man down!

WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN ALL THE DAY

WHERE have you been all the day,

Billy Boy, Billy Boy?

Where have you been all the day, my Billy Boy?

I've been walkin' all the day

With my charmin' Nancy Grey,

And my Nancy kittl'd my fancy,

Oh my charmin' Billy Boy.

Is she fit to be your wife.

Billy Boy, Billy Boy?

Is she fit to be your wife, my Billy Boy?

She's as fit to be my wife

As the fork is to the knife,

And my Nancy, &c.

Can she cook a bit o' steak,
 Billy Boy, Billy Boy?
 Can she cook a bit o' steak, my Billy Boy?
 She can cook a bit o' steak,
 Aye, and make a girdle cake,
 And my Nancy, &c.

Can she make an Irish Stew,
 Billy Boy, Billy Boy?
 Can she make an Irish stew, my Billy Boy?
 She can make an Irish stew
 Aye, and 'Singin' Hinnies' too,
 And my Nancy, &c.

SHENANDOAH

(Windlass and Capstan)

Oh Shenandoah, I long to hear you—
 Away you rolling river,
 Oh Shenandoah, I long to hear you—
 Away I'm bound to go,
 'Cross the wide Missouri.

Oh Shenandoah, I love your daughter—
 Away you rolling river,
 Oh Shenandoah, I love your daughter—
 Away I'm bound to go,
 'Cross the wide Missouri.

'Tis seven long years since last I see thee—
 Away you rolling river,
 'Tis seven long years since last I see thee—
 Away I'm bound to go,
 'Cross the wide Missouri.

Singin' Hinnies] cakes

Oh Shenandoah, I took a notion—
Away you rolling river,
To sail across the stormy ocean—
Away I'm bound to go,
'Cross the wide Missouri.

Oh Shenandoah, I'm bound to leave you—
Away you rolling river,
Oh Shenandoah, I'll not deceive you—
Away I'm bound to go,
'Cross the wide Missouri.

Oh Shenandoah, I long to hear you—
Away you rolling river,
Oh Shenandoah, I long to hear you—
Away I'm bound to go,
'Cross the wide Missouri.

GOOD-BYE, FARE YOU WELL

O FARE you well, I wish you well!

Good-bye, fare you well:

Good-bye, fare you well!

O fare you well, my bonny young girls!

Hoorah, my boys, we're home-ward bound!

O, don't you hear our old man say

We're homeward bound this very day?

We're homeward bound, and I hear the sound,
So heave on the capstan and make it spin round.

Our anchor's a-weigh and our sails they are set,
And the girls we are leaving we leave with regret.

She's a flash clipper packet and bound for to go;
With the girls on her tow-rope she cannot say no.

THE LIVERPOOL PACKET

THERE's a saucy wild packet—a packet of fame—
 She hails from New York and the *Dreadnought*'s her name;
 She is bound to the westward where the strong winds do
 blow;

Bound away in the *Dreadnought* to the westward we'll go.

The time of her sailing is now drawing nigh;
 Farewell, pretty maids, I must wish you good-bye;
 Farewell to old England, and all we hold dear,
 Bound away in the *Dreadnought* to the westward we'll
 steer.

O! the *Dreadnought* is hauling out of Waterloo Dock,
 Where the boys and the girls on the pier-head do flock;
 They will give us three cheers while their tears freely flow,
 Saying, ' God bless the *Dreadnought* where'er she may go.'

O! the *Dreadnought* is waiting in the Mersey so free
 For the *Independence* to tow her to sea,
 For to round that Rock light where the Mersey does flow;
 Bound away in the *Dreadnought* to the westward we'll go.

Now the *Dreadnought*'s a-bowling down the wild Irish
 Sea,

Her passengers merry with hearts full of glee.
 Her sailors like lions walk the decks to and fro,
 She's the Liverpool packet—O, Lord, let her go.

Now the *Dreadnought*'s a-sailing the Atlantic so wide,
 Where the high roaring seas roll along her black side;
 With her sails tautly set for the red cross to show,
 She's the Liverpool packet—O, Lord, let her go.

Now the *Dreadnought*'s becalmed on the Banks of New-
 foundland,
 Where the water's so green and the bottom's all sand,

Where the fish of the ocean do swim to and fro—
Bound away in the *Dreadnought* to the westward we'll go.

Now the *Dreadnought*'s arrivèd in New York once more;
So go ashore, shipmates, on the land we adore;
With wives and with sweethearts so merry we'll be,
And drink to the *Dreadnought* wherever we be.

Then a health to the *Dreadnought* and to her brave crew,
To bold Captain Samuels and his officers too.

Talk about your flash packets, *Swallow Tail* and *Black
Ball*,

The *Dreadnought*'s the flier that can lick them all.

OH, THE MILL, MILL, OH

OH, the mill, mill, oh!

And the kiln, kiln, oh!

And the coggin' o' Peggy's wheel, oh!

The sack and the sieve

And a' she did leave,

To dance the miller's reel, oh!

HEY, THE DUSTY MILLER

HEY, the dusty miller,

And his dusty coat;

He will win a shilling,

Or he spend a groat.

Dusty was the coat,

Dusty was the colour,

Dusty was the kiss,

That I got frae the miller.

Or] Ere

Hey, the dusty miller,
And his dusty sack;
Leeze me on the calling
Fills the dusty peck,
Fills the dusty peck,
Brings the dusty siller;
I wad gie my coatie
For the dusty miller.

ROBERT BURNS.

SONG OF THE CYCLOPS

BRAVE iron, brave hammer, from your sound
The art of music has her ground;
On the anvil thou keep'st time,
Thy knick-a-knock is a smith's best chime.

Yet thwick-a-thwack, thwick, thwack-a-thwack,
thwack,

Make our brawny sinews crack:
Then pit-a-pat, pat, pit-a-pat, pat,
Till thickest bars be beaten flat.

We shoe the horses of the sun;
Harness the dragons of the moon;
Forge Cupid's quiver, bow and arrows,
And our dame's coach that 's drawn with sparrows.

Till thwick-a-thwack, &c.

Jove's roaring cannons and his rammers
We beat out with our Lemnian hammers;
Mars his gauntlet, helm, and spear,
And Gorgon shield are all made here.

Till thwick-a-thwack, &c.

The grate which, shut, the day outbars,
Those golden studs which nail the stars,

The globe's case and the axle-tree,
 Who can hammer these but we?
 Till thwick-a-thwack, &c.

A warming-pan to heat earth's bed,
 Lying i' the frozen zone half-dead;
 Hob-nails to serve the man i' the moon,
 And sparrow-bills to clout Pan's shoon.
 Whose work was ours?
 Till thwick-a-thwack, &c.

Venus' kettles, pots and pans
 We make, or else shè brawls and bans;
 Tongs, shovels, and irons have their places,
 Else she scratches all our faces.
 Till thwick-a-thwack, &c.

THOMAS DEKKER.

THE LEPRACAUN; OR THE FAIRY SHOE- MAKER

LITTLE Cowboy, what have you heard,
 Up on the lonely rath's green mound?
 Only the plaintive yellow bird
 Sighing in sultry fields around,
 Chary, chary, chary, chee-ee!—
 Only the grasshopper and the bee?—
 'Tip-tap, rip-rap,
 Tick-a-tack-too!
 Scarlet leather, sewn together,
 This will make a shoe.
 Left, right, pull it tight;
 Summer days are warm;
 Underground in winter,
 Laughing at the storm!'

Lay your ear close to the hill.
Do you not catch the tiny clamour,
Busy click of an elfin hammer,
Voice of the Lepracaun singing shrill
As he merrily plies his trade?
He's a span
And a quarter in height.
Get him in sight, hold him tight,
And you're a made
Man!

You watch your cattle the summer day,
Sup on potatoes, sleep in the hay;
How would you like to roll in your carriage,
Look for a duchess's daughter in marriage?
Seize the Shoemaker—then you may!

‘ Big boots a-hunting,
Sandals in the hall,
White for a wedding-feast,
Pink for a ball.
This way, that way,
So we make a shoe;
Getting rich every stitch,
Tick-tack-too! ’

Nine-and-ninety treasure-crocks
This keen miser-fairy hath,
Hid in mountains, woods and rocks,
Ruin and round-tow'r, cave and rath,
And where the cormorants build;
From times of old
Guarded by him;
Each of them fill'd
Full to the brim
With gold!

I caught him at work one day, myself,
 In the castle-ditch, where foxglove grows;
 A wrinkled, wizen'd, and bearded Elf,
 Spectacles stuck on his pointed nose,
 Silver buckles to his hose,
 Leather apron—shoe in his lap—
 'Rip-rap, tip-tap,
 Tick-tack-too!
 (A grig skipped upon my cap!
 Away the moth flew!)
 Buskins for a fairy prince,
 Brogues for his son—
 Pay me well, pay me well
 When the job is done!'
 The rogue was mine, beyond a doubt.
 I stared at him, he stared at me;
 'Servant, Sir!' 'Humph!' says he!
 And pulls a snuff-box out.
 He took a long pinch, look'd better pleased,
 The queer little Lepracaun;
 Offer'd the box with a whimsical grace—
 Pouf! he flung the dust in my face,
 And while I sneezed,
 Was gone!

WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.

TARRY 'OO

TARRY 'oo, tarry 'oo,
 Tarry 'oo's ill to spin;
 Caird it weel, caird it weel;
 Caird it weel or ye begin.
 When it's cairded, rowed and spun,
 Then the work is halflins dune;

caird] card

When it 's woven, dressed and clean,
 It may be cleidith for a queen.
 Tarry 'oo, tarry 'oo, &c.

HUSH-A-BYE, BABY

HUSH-A-BYE, baby, on the tree top:
 When the wind blows, the cradle will rock:
 When the bough breaks the cradle will fall—
 Down will come baby and cradle, and all.

HUSH-A-BA, BIRDIE, CROON, CROON

HUSH-A-BA, birdie, croon, croon,
 Hush-a-ba, birdie, croon.
 The sheep are gane to the siller wood,
 And the cows are gane to the broom, broom.
 And it 's braw milking the kye, kye,
 It 's braw milking the kye.
 The birds are singing, the bells are ringing,
 And the wild deer come galloping by, by.
 And hush-a-ba, birdie, croon, croon,
 Hush-a-ba, birdie, croon.
 The gaits are gane to the mountain hie,
 And they'll no be hame till noon, noon.

OH! CAN YE SEW CUSHIONS

OH! can ye sew cushions,
 And can ye sew sheets?
 And can ye sing ballooloo
 When the bairnie greets?

cleidith] clothing

gaits] goats

And hee and baw birdie,
 And hee and baw lamb!
 And hee and baw birdie,
 My bonnie wee lamb!

I biggit the cradle
 Upon the tree-top,
 And aye, as the wind blew,
 My cradle did rock.
 Oh hush a baw baby,
 O bawllilliloo!
 And hee and baw birdie,
 My bonnie wee doo!

Hee O! wee O! what would I do wi' you?
 Black 's the life that I lead wi' you!
 Mony o' you, little for to gi'e you,
 Hee O! wee O! what would I do wi' you.

LULLABY OF AN INFANT CHIEF

OH! hush thee, my babie, thy sire was a knight,
 Thy mother a lady both lovely and bright:
 The woods and the glens, from the towers which we see,
 They all are belonging, dear babie, to thee.

Oh! fear not the bugle, though loudly it blows,
 It calls but the warders that guard thy repose;
 Their bows would be bended, their blades would be red,
 Ere the step of a foeman draws near to thy bed.

Oh! hush thee, my babie, the time soon will come,
 When thy sleep shall be broken by trumpet and drum;
 Then hush thee, my darling, take rest while you may,
 For strife comes with manhood, and waking with day.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

YOU SPOTTED SNAKES

You spotted snakes with double tongue,
 Thorny hedgehogs, be not seen;
 Newts and blind-worms, do no wrong,
 Come not near our fairy queen.

Philomel, with melody,
 Sing in our sweet lullaby;
 Lulla, lulla, lullaby; lulla, lulla, lullaby.
 Never harm,
 Nor spell or charm,
 Come our lovely lady nigh;
 So, good-night, with lullaby.

Weaving Spiders, come not here;
 Hence, you long-legg'd spinners, hence!
 Beetles black, approach not near;
 Worm nor snail, do no offence.

Philomel, with melody
 Sing in our sweet lullaby;
 Lulla, lulla, lullaby; lulla, lulla, lullaby.
 Never harm
 Nor spell nor charm,
 Come our lovely lady nigh:
 So, good-night, with lullaby.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

(e) *PIPES AND BUGLES*

JOHN PEEL

D'YE ken John Peel with his coat so gray?
 D'ye ken John Peel at the break of the day?
 D'ye ken John Peel when he 's far, far away,
 With his hounds and his horn in the morning?

'Twas the sound of his horn called me from my bed,
 And the cry of his hounds has me oft-times led,
 For Peel's *View-halloa* would awaken the dead,
 Or a fox from his lair in the morning.

Yes, I ken John Peel and Ruby too,
 Ranter and Royal and Bellman as true;
 From the drag to the chase, from the chase to the view,
 From a view to the death in the morning.

And I've followed John Peel both often and far
 O'er the rasper-fence and the gate and the bar,
 From Low Denton Holme up to Scratchmere Scar,
 When we vied for the brush in the morning.

Then here's to John Peel with my heart and soul,
 Come fill—fill to him another strong bowl:
 And we'll follow John Peel through fair and through foul,
 While we're waked by his horn in the morning.

'Twas the sound of his horn called me from my bed,
 And the cry of his hounds has me oft-times led,
 For Peel's *View-halloa* would awaken the dead,
 Or a fox from his lair in the morning.

J. W. GRAVES.

THE HUNT IS UP

THE Hunt is up! The Hunt is up!
 And it is well-nigh day;
 And Harry our King is gone hunting,
 To bring his deer to bay.

The East is bright with morning light;
 And darkness it is fled;
 And the merry horn wakes up the Morn,
 To leave his idle bed.

Behold, the skies with golden dyes
Are glowing all around!
The grass is green, and so are the trees,
All laughing at the sound!

The horses snort to be at the sport,
The dogs are running free;
The woods rejoice at the merry noise
Of Hey tantara tee ree!

The sun is glad to see us clad
All in our lusty green;
And smiles in the sky, as he riseth high
To see, and to be seen.

Awake, all men, I say again.
Be merry, as you may;
For Harry our king is gone hunting,
To bring his deer to bay. W. GRAY.

PIPING DOWN THE VALLEYS WILD

PIPING down the valleys wild,
Piping songs of pleasant glee,
On a cloud I saw a child,
And he, laughing, said to me:

‘Pipe a song about a lamb!’
So I piped with merry cheer.
‘Piper, pipe that song again’;
So I piped: he wept to hear.

‘Drop thy pipe, thy happy pipe;
Sing thy songs of happy cheer!’
So I sang the same again,
While he wept with joy to hear.

WILLIAM BLAKE

‘Piper, sit thee down and write
 In a book that all may read.’
 So he vanished from my sight,
 And I pluck’d a hollow reed,

And I made a rural pen,
 And I stained the water clear,
 And I wrote my happy songs
 Every child may joy to hear.

WILLIAM BLAKE

THE PIPER O’ DUNDEE

AND wasna he a roguey,
 A roguey, a roguey,
 And wasna he a roguey,
 The piper o’ Dundee?

The piper came to our town,
 To our town, to our town,
 The piper came to our town,
 And he played bonnilie,
 He played a spring the laird to please,
 A spring brent new frae yont the seas;
 And then he gae his bags a heeze,
 And played anither key.

He played ‘The welcome owre the main’,
 And ‘Ye’se be fou and I’se be fain’,
 And ‘Auld Stuarts back again’,
 Wi’ muckle mirth and glee.
 He played ‘The Kirk’, he played ‘The Quier’,
 ‘The Mullin Dhu’ and ‘Chevalier’,
 And ‘Lang awa’, but welcome here’,
 Sae sweet, sae bonnilie.

heeze] hitch

It 's some gat swords, and some gat nane,
 And some were dancing wud their lane,
 And mony a vow o' weir was ta'en

That night at Amulrie!

There was Tullibardine and Burleigh,
 And Struan, Keith and Ogilvie,
 And brave Carnegie, wha but he,
 The piper o' Dundee?

PIBROCH OF DONUIL DHU

PIBROCH of Donuil Dhu,
 Pibroch of Donuil,
 Wake thy wild voice anew,
 Summon Clan Conuil.

Come away, come away,
 Hark to the summons!
 Come in your war array,
 Gentles and commons.

Come from deep glen, and
 From mountain so rocky;
 The war-pipe and pennon
 Are at Inverlochy.
 Come every hill-plaid, and
 True heart that wears one,
 Come every steel blade, and
 Strong hand that bears one

Leave untended the herd,
 The flock without shelter;
 Leave the corpse uninterr'd,
 The bride at the altar;
 wūd] mad weir] war

SIR WALTER SCOTT

Leave the deer, leave the steer,
 Leave nets and barges:
 Come with your fighting gear,
 Broadwords and targes.

Come as the winds come, when
 Forests are rended;
 Come as the waves come, when
 Navies are stranded:
 Faster come, faster come,
 Faster and faster,
 Chief, vassal, page and groom,
 Tenant and master.

Fast they come, fast they come:
 See how they gather!
 Wide waves the eagle plume,
 Blended with heather.
 Cast your plaids, draw your blades,
 Forward each man set!
 Pibroch of Donuil Dhu,
 Knell for the onset.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

CORONACH

He is gone on the mountain,
 He is lost to the forest,
 Like a summer-dried fountain,
 When our need was the sorest.
 The font reappearing
 From the raindrops shall borrow,
 But to us comes no cheering,
 To Duncan no morrow!

The Hand of the reaper
 Takes the ears that are hoary,
 But the voice of the weeper
 Wails manhood in glory.
 The autumn winds rushing
 Waft the leaves that are searest,
 But our flower was in flushing
 When blighting was nearest.

Fleet foot on the correi,
 Sage counsel in cumber,
 Red hand in the foray,
 How sound is thy slumber!
 Like the dew on the mountain,
 Like the foam on the river,
 Like the bubble on the fountain,
 Thou art gone; and for ever!

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

(f) *BELLS, DIRGES, CAROLS*

JINGLE BELLS

JINGLE, bells, jingle, bells,
 Jingle all the way,
 O what fun it is to ride in a one-horse open sleigh.

Dashing through the snow,
 In a one-horse open sleigh
 O'er the fields we go,
 Laughing all the way,
 Bells on bob-tail ring,
 Making spirits bright,
 O what fun to laugh and sing
 A sleighing song to-night.

THE BELLS

HEAR the Sledges with the bells—
Silver bells!

What a world of merriment their melody foretells!

How they tinkle, tinkle, tinkle,
In the icy air of night!

While the stars that oversprinkle
All the heavens, seem to twinkle
With a crystalline delight;

Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme,

To the tintinnabulation that so musically wells

From the bells, bells, bells, bells
Bells, bells, bells—

From the jingling and the tinkling of the bells.

Hear the mellow wedding bells,
Golden bells!

What a world of happiness their harmony foretells!

Through the balmy air of night
How they ring out their delight!
From the molten golden notes,

And all in tune,

What a liquid ditty floats

To the turtle-dove that listens, while she gloats

On the moon!

Oh, from out the sounding cells,

What a gush of euphony voluminously wells!

How it swells!

How it dwells

On the Future! how it tells

Of the rapture that impels

To the swinging and the ringing

Of the bells, bells, bells,

Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
 Bells, bells, bells—
To the rhyming and the chiming of the bells!
 Hear the loud alarum bells—
 Brazen bells!
What a tale of terror now, their turbulency tells;
 In the startled air of night
How they scream out their affright!
 Too much horrified to speak
 They can only shriek, shriek,
 Out of tune,
In the clamorous appealing to the mercy of the fire,
In the mad expostulation with the deaf and frantic fire,
 Leaping higher, higher, higher,
With a desperate desire,
 And a resolute endeavour
 Now—now to sit or never,
By the side of the pale-faced moon.
 Oh, the bells, bells, bells!
 What a tale their terror tells
 Of Despair!
How they clang and crash and roar!
What a horror they out pour
On the bosom of the palpitating air!
 Yet the ear it fully knows,
 By the twanging,
 And the clanging,
How the danger ebbs and flows;
 Yet the ear distinctly tells,
 In the jangling,
 And the wrangling,
How the danger sinks and swells,
By the sinking or the swelling in the anger of the bells,
 Of the bells—

Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells—

In the clamour and the clangour of the bells,

Hear the tolling of the bells—
Iron bells!

What a world of solemn thought their monody compels!

In the silence of the night,
How we shiver with affright

At the melancholy menace of their tone!

For every sound that floats
From the rust within their throats
Is a groan.

And the people—ah, the people—
They that dwell up in the steeple,
All alone,

And who tolling, tolling, tolling,
In that muffled monotone,
Feel a glory in so rolling

On the human heart a stone—
They are neither man nor woman—
They are neither brute nor human—

They are ghouls:
And their king it is who tolls;
And he rolls, rolls, rolls,
Rolls

A paean from the bells!
And his merry bosom swells
With the paean from the bells!

And he dances and he yells;
Keeping time, time, time,

In a sort of Runic rhyme,
To the paean of the bells—

Of the bells, bells, bells;
Keeping time, time, time,

In a sort of Runic rhyme,
To the throbbing of the bells
Of the bells, bells, bells—
To the sobbing of the bells;
As he knells, knells, knells,
In a happy Runic rhyme,
To the rolling of the bells—
Of the bells, bells, bells—
To the tolling of the bells,
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells—
Bells, bells, bells—

To the moaning and the groaning of the bells.

E. A. POE.

FAR, FAR AWAY

WHAT sight so lured him thro' the field he knew
As where earth's green stole into heaven's own hue,

Far—far—away?

What sound was dearest in his native dells?

The mellow lin-lan-lone of evening bells

Far—far—away?

What vague world-whisper, mystic pain or joy,

Thro' those three words would haunt him when a boy,

Far—far—away?

A whisper from his dawn of life? a breath

From some fair dawn beyond the doors of death

Far—far—away?

Far, far, how far? from o'er the gates of birth,

The faint horizons, all the bounds of earth,

Far—far—away?

What charm in words, a charm no words could give?

O dying words, can Music make you live

Far—far—away?

LORD TENNYSON.

DREAM-PEDLARY

IF there were dreams to sell,
 What would you buy?
 Some cost a passing bell,
 Some a light sigh,
 That shakes from Life's fresh crown
 Only a rose-leaf down.
 If there were dreams to sell,
 Merry and sad to tell,
 And the crier rang the bell,
 What would you buy?

A cottage lone and still,
 With bowers nigh,
 Shadowy, my woes to still,
 Until I die.
 Such pearl from Life's fresh crown
 Fain would I shake me down,
 Were dreams to have at will,
 This would best heal my ill,
 This would I buy.

THOMAS LOVELL BEDDOES.

THE ELFIN PEDLAR

LADY and gentlemen fays, come buy!
 No pedlar has such a rich packet as I.
 Who wants a gown
 Of purple fold,
 Embroidered down
 The seams with gold?
 See here!—a Tulip richly laced
 To please a royal fairy's taste!

Who wants a cap
Of crimson grand?
By great good hap
I've one on hand;
Look, sir!—a Cockscomb, flowering red,
'Tis just the thing, sir, for your head!

Who wants a frock
Of vestal hue?
Or snowy smock?—
Fair maid, do you?
O me!—a Ladysmock so white!
Your bosom's self is not more bright!

Who wants to sport
A slender limb?
I've every sort
Of hose for him:
Both scarlet, striped, and yellow ones,
This Woodbine makes such pantaloons!

Who wants—(hush! hush!)
A box of paint?
'Twill give a blush
Yet leave no taint:
This Rose with natural rouge is fill'd,
From its own dewy leaves distilled.

Then, lady and gentlemen fays, come buy!
You never will meet such a merchant as I!

GEORGE DARLEY.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

FULL FATHOM FIVE

FULL fathom five thy father lies:
 Of his bones are coral made;
 Those are pearls that were his eyes:
 Nothing of him that doth fade,
 But doth suffer a sea-change
 Into something rich and strange.
 Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell:
 Ding-dong.
 Hark! now I hear them,—
 Ding-dong, bell.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

CALL FOR THE ROBIN RED-BREAST AND THE WREN

CALL for the robin red-breast and the wren,
 Since o'er shady groves they hover,
 And with leaves and flowers do cover
 The friendless bodies of unburied men.
 Call unto his funeral dole
 The ant, the field-mouse, and the mole,
 To rear him hillocks that shall keep him warm,
 And (when gay tombs are robb'd) sustain no harm;
 But keep the wolf far thence, that 's foe to men,
 For with his nails he'll dig them up again.

JOHN WEBSTER.

WHERE SHALL THE LOVER REST

WHERE shall the lover rest,
 Whom the fates sever
 From his true maiden's breast,
 Parted for ever?

Where through groves deep and high
Sounds the far billow,
Where early violets die
Under the willow:—
Eleu loro!
Soft shall be his pillow.

There, through the summer day,
Cool streams are laving;
There, while the tempests sway,
Scarce are boughs waving;
There thy rest shalt thou take,
Parted for ever,
Never again to wake,
Never, O never!
Eleu loro!
Never, O never!

Where shall the traitor rest,
He, the deceiver,
Who could win maiden's breast,
Ruin, and leave her?
In the lost battle,
Borne down by the flying,
Where mingles war's rattle
With groans of the dying.
Eleu loro!
There shall he be lying.

Her wing shall the eagle flap
O'er the false-hearted;
His warm blood the wolf shall lap,
Ere life be parted;

SIR WALTER SCOTT

Shame and dishonour sit
 By his grave ever;
 Blessings shall hallow it,—
 Never, O never!
 Eleu loro!
 Never, O never! SIR WALTER SCOTT.

PROUD MAISIE

PROUD Maisie is in the wood,
 Walking so early;
 Sweet Robin sits on the bush,
 Singing so rarely.
 ‘Tell me, thou bonny bird,
 When shall I marry me?’
 ‘When six braw gentlemen
 Kirkward shall carry ye.’
 ‘Who makes the bridal bed,
 Birdie, say truly?’
 —‘The grey-headed sexton
 That delves the grave duly.
 The glow-worm o’er grave and stone
 Shall light thee steady;
 The owl from the steeple sing
 Welcome proud lady!’
 SIR WALTER SCOTT.

THE LOSS OF THE ‘ROYAL GEORGE’

TOLL for the brave!
 The brave that are no more!
 All sunk beneath the wave,
 Fast by their native shore!

Eight hundred of the brave,
Whose courage well was tried,
Had made the vessel heel,
And laid her on her side.

A land-breeze shook the shrouds,
And she was overset;
Down went the *Royal George*,
With all her crew complete.

Toll for the brave!
Brave Kempenfelt is gone;
His last sea-fight is fought,
His work of glory done.

It was not in the battle;
No tempest gave the shock;
She sprang no fatal leak;
She ran upon no rock.

His sword was in its sheath,
His fingers held the pen,
When Kempenfelt went down
With twice four hundred men.

Weigh the vessel up,
Once dreaded by our foes!
And mingle with our cup
The tear that England owes.

Her timbers yet are sound,
And she may float again,
Full charged with England's thunder,
And plough the distant main.

WILLIAM COWPER

But Kempenfelt is gone,
 His victories are o'er;
 And he and his eight hundred
 Shall plough the wave no more.

WILLIAM COWPER.

I SAW THREE SHIPS

As I sat under a sycamore tree,
 —A sycamore tree, a sycamore tree,
 I looked me out upon the sea
 On Christ's Sunday at morn.

I saw three ships a-sailing there,
 —A sailing-there, a-sailing there,
 Jesu, Mary, and Joseph they bare
 On Christ's Sunday at morn.

Joseph did whistle, and Mary did sing,
 —Mary did sing, Mary did sing,
 And all the bells on earth did ring
 For joy our Lord was born.

O they sail'd in to Bethlehem!
 —To Bethlehem, to Bethlehem;
 Saint Michael was the Sterèsman,
 Saint John sate in the horn.

And all the bells on earth did ring
 —On earth did ring, on earth did ring;
 'Welcome be thou Heaven's King,
 On Christ's Sunday at morn!'

horn] prow

CHERRY-TREE CAROL (PART II)

As Joseph was a-walking,
 He heard an angel sing;
 'This night shall be born
 Our Heavenly King.

'He neither shall be born
 In housen nor in hall,
 Nor in the place of Paradise,
 But in an ox's stall.

'He neither shall be clothed
 In purple nor in pall,
 But all in fair linen
 As were babies all.

'He neither shall be rock'd
 In silver nor in gold,
 But in a wooden cradle
 That rocks on the mould.

'He neither shall be christen'd
 In white wine nor red,
 But with fair spring water
 With which we were christenèd.'

THE HOLLY AND THE IVY

THE Holly and the Ivy,
 Now both are full-well grown,
 Of all the trees that are in the wood,
 The holly bears the crown.

O the rising of the sun,
 The running of the deer,
 The playing of the merrie organ,
 Sweet singing in the quire,
 Sweet singing in the quire.

The holly bears a blossom,
As white as lily-flower;
And Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ,
To be our sweet Saviour.
O the rising of the sun, &c.

The holly bears a berry,
As red as any blood;
And Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ,
To do poor sinners good.
O the rising of the sun, &c.

The holly bears a prickle,
As sharp as any thorn;
And Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ,
On Christmas Day in the morn.
O the rising of the sun, &c.

The holly bears a bark,
As bitter as any gall;
And Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ,
For to redeem us all.
O the rising of the sun, &c.

The holly and the ivy,
Now both are full-well grown,
Of all the trees that are in the wood,
The holly bears the crown.
O the rising of the sun,
The running of the deer,
The playing of the merrie organ,
Sweet singing in the quire,
Sweet singing in the quire.

THE FIRST NOWELL

THE first Nowell the angels did say
 Was to three poor shepherds in fields as they lay,
 In fields where they lay keeping their sheep,
 On a cold winter's night that was so deep.

Nowell, Nowell, Nowell, Nowell,
 Born is the King of Israel.

They lookèd up and saw a star
 Shine in the East beyond them far,
 And to the earth it gave great light,
 And so it continued both day and night.

Nowell, Nowell, Nowell, Nowell,
 Born is the King of Israel.

And by the light of that same star
 Three wise men came from country far;
 To seek for a King was their intent,
 And to follow the star wherever it went.

Nowell, Nowell, Nowell, Nowell,
 Born is the King of Israel.

The star drew nigh to the north-west,
 O'er Bethlehem it took its rest,
 And there it did both stop and stay
 Right over the place where Jesus lay.

Nowell, Nowell, Nowell, Nowell,
 Born is the King of Israel.

Then entered in those wise men three,
 Most reverently upon their knee,
 And offered there in his presence
 Both gold and myrrh and frankincense.

Nowell, Nowell, Nowell, Nowell,
 Born is the King of Israel.

Then let us all with one accord
Sing praises to our heavenly Lord,
That hath made heaven and earth of naught,
And with his blood mankind hath bought.
Nowell, Nowell, Nowell, Nowell,
Born is the King of Israel.

SPOKEN VERSE
FOR SCHOOLS & FESTIVALS

Arranged by
THOMAS HENDERSON

With Introduction by
J. C. SMITH

Part II—Advanced



OXFORD
At the Clarendon Press

NOTE

Acknowledgements for leave to include copyright poems are due to Mr. Laurence Binyon for 'The Little Dancers'; to Messrs. Burns, Oates, & Washbourne for Mrs. Meynell's 'The Chimes', and Aubrey de Vere's 'The Dirge of Rory O'More'; to Messrs. Chatto & Windus for R. L. Stevenson's 'The Vagabond'; to Messrs. Heinemann for the Chorus from Swinburne's 'Atalanta in Calydon'; to Messrs. John Lane, The Bodley Head, for John Davidson's 'Piper, Play!', from *New Ballads*; to Messrs. Macmillan for Mr. Thomas Hardy's 'Men who march away' and 'Budmouth Dears', and also for Tennyson's 'Charge of the Heavy Brigade'; to Messrs. Methuen & Co. for Mr. G. K. Chesterton's 'The Rolling English Road', from *Wine, Water, and Song*; to Mr. Neil Munro for 'Hey, Jock, are ye glad ye listed?' and 'The Lament for Macleod of Raasay'; to Dr. Murray and Messrs. Constable & Co. for four stanzas of 'A Green Yule', from *Hamewith*; to Sir Henry Newbolt for 'Imogen' and 'Against Oblivion', from *Poems New and Old*; to Mr. Alfred Noyes and Messrs. Blackwood & Sons for 'Go down to Kew in Lilac Time', from 'The Barrel Organ'; to Messrs. Martin Secker for J. E. Flecker's 'War Song of the Saracens', from *Collected Poems*; and to Professor Sorley for C. H. Sorley's 'The Song of the Ungirt Runners'.

FIRST PUBLISHED 1928

REPRINTED 1934

PRINTED IN GREAT BRITAIN

INTRODUCTION

THE first part of this book dealt with the commoner English verse-patterns, illustrating them by simple examples drawn chiefly from folk-song or from popular poetry. In this part I shall try to show how the literary poets have elaborated these patterns, and made them yield effects more varied, subtle, and massive.

To begin with the March: Mrs. Howe takes the childish theme of 'The Emperor Napoleon' and solemnizes it into 'The Battle-Song of the Republic'—'My eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord.' Mr. Hardy takes his old quick-step of 'We be the King's men, hale and hearty', and on this slight foundation builds the noble measure of 'Men who march away'; or in lighter mood, in his artful 'Budmouth Dears', bewitches it into the clink-clank of cavalrymen on foot. In the bizarre but moving measure of 'Ethiopia Saluting the Colours' Whitman has attempted, and perhaps achieved, the more ambitious feat of suggesting the movement, not of a single company or battalion, but of a whole army, terrible with banners, filing endlessly, hour after hour, past the old negress who stands by the roadside,

And curtseys to the regiments, the guidons moving by.

Among adults the union of dance and song, which in Greek tragedy gave birth to the noblest of poetic forms, has long been divorced; and until the new art of Eurhythmics shall have healed the breach our poets will have little to learn from adult dancing. It was otherwise in simpler times, when English lasses and lads hied to the Maypole, and danced to the tune of 'Greensleeves' or 'Hey-nonny-nonny'; or Scottish jigs and strathspeys put life and mettle into the heels of songs like 'Tullochgorum' and

'The Deil's awa' wi' the Exciseman'. Even now, I am told, Durham miners dress up on gala-days to sing and dance 'Weel may the Keel row'. Sir Henry Newbolt's 'Imogen' and Mr. Binyon's 'Little Dancers' do indeed suggest the airy maze 'of motion lightly threaded by nimble feet', but by the feet of children. No English poet has yet sought inspiration from the fox-trot or the charleston.

It might be thought that the forthright nature of riding-rhythms left little room for innovation; but the three-piled rhymes of 'The War-Song of the Saracens' add an incredible sweep and fury to the movement. Tennyson caught the measure of 'The Charge of the Light Brigade' from a sentence in *The Times*—'Some one had blundered'; by what magic in the division of words and weighting of syllables did he reshape that measure into the labouring yet triumphant movement of 'The Charge of the Heavy Brigade'—

And up the hill, up the hill,
Gallop the gallant three hundred, the Heavy Brigade?

Browning was a fine horseman; he tells us that he wrote 'How they brought the Good News' when longing for a gallop on his good horse York. The straightforward rush of that poem is a simple achievement compared to the strange new measure of 'Through the Metidja to Abd-el-Kadr', with its swift, tireless, *jolting* rhythm, as of a horseman posting on and on for ever through the desert in a dream. 'The Last Ride Together', too, achieves a trance-like effect, similar but not the same, with its rare but regularly recurring anapaests to remind us of the riding rhythm. The rapid but broken movement of flight has been finely caught by Thornbury in 'The Cavalier's Escape'.

Among measures suggested by movements other than marching, dancing, and riding, I cannot find that the

literary poets have made any use of sailors' chanties; Moore's 'Canadian Boat Song' is set to a much slower time. But the languorous hum of the mill-wheel is heard in Tennyson's 'Miller's Daughter', and the livelier buzz of the spinning-wheel in 'The Weary Pund o' Tow'. Cradle-songs proper belong to popular rather than to literary art; the Elizabethans, however, have left us some exquisite lullabies, the sweetest of all being those which are put into the mouth of the Virgin.

I turn last of all to musical instruments. When a number of graded reeds are bound together we have the pan-pipe, an instrument capable of more varied and exciting effects than the simple shepherd's pipe, effects which Mrs. Browning seeks to imitate in

Sweet, sweet, sweet, O Pan,
Piercing sweet by the river.

After Sir Walter one could scarcely have hoped for new effects inspired by the pibroch; but Mr. Neil Munro has found one in the slow-step of the 'Lament for Macleod of Raasay'. Scott is still the unrivalled master of hunting-horn and clarion; but his manly call to war or chase awakes no such echoes in the soul as the bugle-notes that Tennyson heard dying away into the sunset over the ripples of Killarney's lakes. Tennyson's love of bells has been illustrated in Part I. In Sir Henry Newbolt's 'Against Oblivion' we seem to hear the sound of bells a hundred fathoms down. Mrs. Meynell has sought to render the ethereal music of cathedral chimes flung on the midnight air. The passing-bell tolls in the solemn refrain of the 'Lyke-Wake Dirge'. Among moderns the dirge has been most successfully attempted by imitators of the Elizabethans like Darley and Beddoes; but to catch its most plangent note we must go back to Nash's poem, 'Written in Time of Pestilence'.

The Carol belongs to popular rather than to literary poetry; but sometimes, as in 'Jolly Wat', its form is a little elaborated and its scope extended to enshrine some sacred legend: it is then scarcely distinguishable from the Ballad. The wonderful poem which closes this section is doubtfully called a Carol: it belongs to another holytide than Christmas, the name and mystical significance of which are not revealed till the last line.

How do the poets achieve these new effects? The question can be answered most briefly, so far as it can be answered at all, if we avail ourselves of the accepted terms of prosody made familiar by Coleridge's mnemonic:

Trochee trips from long to short:	— ∪
From long to long in solemn sort	
Slow Spondee stalks, strong foot yet ill able	— —
Ever to come up with Dactyl trisyllable:	— ∪ ∪
Iambics march from short to long:	∪ —
With a leap and a bound the swift Anapaests throng:	∪ ∪ —
One syllable long with a short at each side,	
Amphibrachys steps with a stately stride.	∪ — ∪

These are the common feet of English verse. But the poets have enlarged their resources, by 'resolving' disyllabic feet into trisyllables in the same time, by fusing short syllables together to form long monosyllabic feet (L) or spondees (— —), and by building up compound feet like ∪ ∪ — —, — — ∪ ∪, — ∪ ∪ —. All these metrical devices are in truth native to English verse, but Coleridge was the first to use resolution deliberately—

'Tis the middle of the night by the castle clock;
and Meredith to demonstrate the full value of monosyllabic feet and spondees—

Under yonder beech-tree, single on the green-sward.

Modern poetry employs these devices freely: Mr. de la

Mare's 'Listeners' contains feet of four and even of five syllables; and Mr. Masfield makes artful use of the Ionic
 ♀ ♀ — in his 'Sea-Fever'—

And the wheel's k̄ick, and the wind's s̄ong, and the white s̄ail
 shak̄iṅg,

And a grey m̄ist on the sea's f̄ace, and the grey d̄awn break̄iṅg.

These special metrical devices are really due to that general cause which has given English verse its infinite variety of rhythm, the friendly war of sense with pattern. The rhythm of prose depends on the sense only: jingle has pattern only; but good verse has both sense and pattern. Sense-rhythm and pattern-rhythm may coincide; in popular poetry they generally do; but in the poetry of art they play across each other like the threads in shot-silk; and this interplay is an inexhaustible source of variety and delight, limited only by this condition—that the pattern must not be destroyed. It may be varied, but not varied beyond recognition. Behind the changing rhythms of the sense, the pulse of the measure must still be audible. Instead of the regular and obvious

And r̄oses w̄ild and iv̄y s̄erpentine

Shelley can say delightfully,

And w̄ild r̄oses and iv̄y s̄erpentine;

but he could not say

And w̄ild r̄oses and s̄erpentine iv̄y.

There is no rule more imperative for the speaker of verse than this, that through all variants the pattern must be traceable. If great poets sometimes seem to break that rule, as Milton seems to do in

Burned after them to the bottomless p̄it,

and Shakespeare in

I shall find time, Cassius, I shall find time,

and Tennyson in

Take your own time, Annie, take your own time,

they do so of set purpose to produce some peculiar effect.

So much for rhythm. But the language itself, the material rhythm, contains other sources of delight, of which the poets avail themselves, and which well-spoken verse should reveal. The first of these is imitation.

'Tis not enough no harshness gives offence;
The sound should seem an echo to the sense.

I have spoken of imitation in connexion with millingsongs and poems inspired by instrumental music; but imitation in a more general sense pervades our common speech. English is full of mimetic words, and even when these are as unmelodious as 'tick-tack' or as harsh as 'croak' their aptness gives pleasure of a simple kind: examples of this are Allingham's 'Fairly Shoemaker' and Dekker's 'Cyclops'. Serious poetry, however, seeks rather to suggest than to imitate. In Burns's description of a Scots smithy—

Nae mercy then for airn or steel;
The brawnie, banie ploughman chiel
Brings hard owre hip, wi' sturdy wheel,
The strong forehammer,
Till block an' studdie ring and reel
Wi' dinsome clamour—

'ring' and 'reel' are fine mimetic words; but the effect comes mainly not from these but from the sense of victorious effort suggested by the panting aspirates of 'hard', 'hip', 'wheel', 'hammer', and the feeling of strength

given by the initial 'st' of 'steel', 'sturdy', 'strong', 'studdie'. Consider again

With a cargo of Tyne coal, road rails, pig lead,
Firewood, ironware, and cheap tin trays.

Not a single mimetic word here; yet what a clatter! And once more:

Timon has made his everlasting mansion
Upon the beachèd verge of the salt flood;
Who once a day with his embossed froth
The turbulent surge shall cover.

Seal up the ship-boy's eyes, and rock his brains
In cradle of the rude imperious surge.

Now the effect which is obtained in the second of these four passages by rhythm is obtained in the first by alliteration, and in the last two by what I shall call assonance. Alliteration in the full sense means the recurrence of the same or similar sounds at the onset of the metrical beat—of similar sounds if vowels, for any vowel alliterates with any vowel; of the same sounds if consonants, for a consonant alliterates only with itself. Vowel-alliteration is rare, but can give beautiful lingering effects, as in

The angel ended and in Adam's ear . . .;

or neat staccato effects if the vowels be short, as in

An abbot on an ambling pad.

Consonant-alliteration is of all literary devices the dearest to the English ear. It shouts at us from proverb, poster, and scare-heading. It was the sole ornament of Old English verse, and held its own, as rival or ally, when rhyme came in. Like all forms of recurrence, alliteration is pleasant in itself when not overdone. It serves also, as we have seen, to enhance special effects due to the quality of the sound repeated. And in verse it serves, more generally,

to pick out the rhythm. Alliteration¹ may occur within a line, and be either forthright, like

With lisp of leaves and ripple of rain; *llrr*

or criss-cross, like

His heavy-shotted hammock-shroud. *hshhsh*

Alliteration within a line is a fairly obvious device, and when abused lends itself to parody. When we read—

Till the land of the lute and the love-tale *llll*
 Shall be bride of the Boreal breast, *bbb*
 And the dawn with the darkness shall dove-tail, *ddd*
 The East with the West—

it is only that 'dove-tail' that betrays the parodist.

Alliteration may be used, more subtly, to link line with line, binding a whole stanza up in a lovely network of recurrence. Consider this stanza:

Thou wast not born for death, immortal bird! *b d m b*
 No hungry generations tread thee down; *b d r d*
 The voice I hear this passing night was heard *h p h*
 In ancient days by emperor and clown: *d r c*
 Perhaps the self-same song that found a path *h s s f p*
 Through the sad heart of Ruth, when, sick for home *h r s h*
 She stood in tears amid the alien corn; *s m c*
 The same that oft-times hath *s o h*
 Charm'd magic casements, opening on the foam *m c o o f*
 Of perilous seas, in faery lands forlorn. *p s f l l*

Even in unstressed places, as the last line shows, repeated sounds have value.

Apart from meaning, the value of a sound for verse depends on its quality, resonance, and length. *F*, *th* (in 'thin'), *s*, and *sh* can be lengthened, but are poor in

¹ In the examples that follow, the alliterated sounds are printed to the right of each extract.

quality and have little resonance. *S* indeed has so little that it is often inaudible in transmission. Tennyson hated the sound, and tried to weed it out of his verse—a process which he described oddly as ‘kicking the geese out of the boat’. Yet even *s* has its uses: it can sigh and whisper as well as hiss. The corresponding voiced letters—*v*, *th* (in ‘then’), *z*, *zh*—are similar in quality but have considerable resonance: *v*, for its softness, is rather a favourite letter with English poets. *P*, *t*, *k* have practically no length, and little resonance; but they are very clear-cut, and therefore very important for distinct enunciation. The same is true of *b*, *d*, *g*, which moreover have a good deal of resonance, though less than the nasals *m*, *n*, *ng*, which are only less resonant than the vowels. Taking a cross-section through these consonants we find that the labials are superior in quality to the dentals, and these in turn to the gutturals. In respect of quality, however, there is no consonantal sound so beautiful as the liquid *l* or so effective as the trilled *r*. These sounds differ considerably in northern and in southern English.

Not blither is the mountain roe:
 With many a wanton stroke
 Her feet disperse the powdery snow,
 That rises up like smoke—

I can never read that stanza but I seem to hear Wordsworth repeating it with his rich northern burr, ‘like the crust on wine’. The northern *l*, on the other hand, is apt to be too ‘dark’. It is the liquid southern *l* that lends so wistful a note to

Oh Love, who bewailest
 The frailty of all things here,
 Why choose you the frailest
 For your cradle, your home, and your bier?

The combination of *l* and *m* gives a peculiar sweetness to such lines as

Mild He lays His glory by;
Late in time behold Him come.

Vowels are even more important to the poet than consonants. The most familiar effect that he gets from them is, of course, rhyme. It is an effect which the Greeks despised, but which, though not native to our prosody, has proved very pleasing to English ears. Drama and Epic can do without it; but rhymeless song has rarely succeeded in English; and more elaborate verse-forms like the Spenserian stanza, the sonnet, and the ode would lose all shape and comeliness but for rhyme. An imperfect rhyme like 'fair' 'maid', where the vowels match but not the following consonants, is often called an assonance. I propose, however, to employ the name more generally for any pleasing combination of vowels. Assonance in this wider sense is the chief embellishment of English verse. Its laws, so far as we can trace them, depend on the fact that our vowels form a series from back to front, viz.:

I. Lower	oo	oh	aw	o
as in	moon	mole	Maud	moth
II. Middle	ah	u	er ¹	a
as in	mast	must	mirth	man
III. Upper	e	eh	i	ee
as in	met	main	miss	meet

Each vowel in the series has a natural pitch, at which it is most resonant. The series falls into three equal groups, which may be called the lower, middle, and upper registers. The diphthongs form glides, *ow* (a-oo) from middle

¹ Scots lacks the Southern *er*, but has some other vowels not in the Southern series, of which only *ui* (= German *ü*) need be noted here.

to lower, *ai* (as in 'aisle') from middle to upper, *oi* from lower to upper.¹

Assonance is a subtler thing than alliteration, and I have not the skill to do more than analyse a few simple examples. The vowels in assonance are shown to the left of each extract, and the alliterated consonants to the right.

1. Lower register with *oo* predominating :

<i>ow oh</i>	Now the hungry lion roars,	<i>b</i>
<i>oo ow oo</i>	And the wolf howls the moon,	<i>w b</i>
<i>ow oh</i>	Whilst the heavy ploughman snores,	<i>wh b</i>
<i>aw o</i>	All with weary task fordone.	<i>w</i>

2. Lower with *oh* predominating :

<i>aw ow oh</i>	His broad clear brow in sunlight glowed;	<i>b b</i>
<i>oo aw o</i>	On burnished hooves his war-horse trod;	<i>b b</i>
<i>oh</i>	From underneath his helmet flowed	<i>b</i>
<i>oh o oh</i>	His coal-black curls as on he rode,	<i>c c</i>
<i>ow o</i>	As he rode down to Camelot.	<i>c</i>

3. Upper *eh, i, ee* with *ai* glide :

<i>eh eh i eh</i>	Take, oh take those lips away	<i>l w</i>
<i>ee e</i>	That so sweetly were forsworn;	<i>w</i>
<i>ai eh eh</i>	And those eyes, the break of day,	<i>b</i>
<i>ai ee</i>	Lights that do mislead the morn.	<i>l l</i>
<i>i i eh</i>	But my kisses bring again,	<i>b b</i>
<i>i eh</i>	Bring again;	<i>b</i>
<i>ee ee eh</i>	Seals of love, though sealed in vain,	<i>l</i>
<i>ee eh</i>	Sealed in vain.	

4. Middle-upper, with *ai* glide predominating :

<i>i ai ai</i>	Now it is the time of night	<i>t</i>
<i>a eh eh ai</i>	That the graves all gaping wide,	<i>g g w</i>
<i>e u ai</i>	Every one lets forth his sprite	<i>w</i>
<i>i er ah ai</i>	In the church-way paths to glide.	<i>t g</i>

¹ See Dr. Aikin's paper in S.P.E. tract XXVI, from which the designations of the vowels and the examples are taken.

5. Upper-middle with short vowels :

<i>a i</i>	From the bank and from the river	<i>f b f r</i>
<i>a i i</i>	He flashed into the crystal mirror:	<i>f</i>
<i>i i a i i</i>	'Tirra-lirra' by the river	<i>l b r</i>
<i>a a</i>	Sang Sir Lancelot.	<i>l l</i>

Alliteration, of course, adds its charm in all these cases. I will give two more examples, one from Shakespeare and one from Milton, unsurpassed for wealth and beauty of sound:

6.

<i>ai ee eh ee oh</i>	That time of year thou mayst in me behold	<i>y m m b</i>
<i>e ee o oo a</i>	When yellow leaves, or none, or few, do hang	<i>y l b</i>
<i>o ow eh eh oh</i>	Upon those boughs which shake against the cold,	<i>b c</i>
<i>eh oo ai eh ee a</i>	Bare ruined choirs where late the sweet birds sang.	<i>b c l</i>

7.

<i>i ee eh oo ow</i>	Lift not thy spear against the Muses' bower.	<i>l sp m b</i>
<i>eh eh o o eh</i>	The great Emathian conqueror bid spare	<i>gr m r sp</i>
<i>ow i e ow</i>	The house of Pindarus, when temple and tower	<i>p t t</i>
<i>e ow ee eh</i>	Went to the ground; and the repeated air	<i>w gr p</i>
<i>a e o a ow</i>	Of sad Electra's poet had the power	<i>s l p p</i>
<i>eh ee aw oo eh</i>	To save the Athenian walls from ruin bare.	<i>s w r b</i>

If any lover of poetry find these technicalities irrelevant, let him remember that it is through his technique that the poet expresses himself. His mood cannot beat itself out into verse till it has found its appropriate rhythm, and it is by way of that rhythm that we recreate the poet's mood. The musician who would interpret Bach's spirit must learn first to play his notes: it is not otherwise with the interpretation of poetry.

J. C. SMITH.

CONTENTS

PART II. ADVANCED

(a) *WALKING, MARCHING, RUNNING* . . . 57-73

Autolycus' Song, *William Shakespeare*, 57. A Boy's Song, *James Hogg*, 57. The Vagabond, *R. L. Stevenson*, 58. Up in the Mornin' early, *Robert Burns*, 59. 'Haste thee, Nymph' (L'Allegro), *John Milton*, 60. The Rolling English Road, *G. K. Chesterton*, 60. My Bonnie Mary, *Robert Burns*, 61. Battle Hymn of the Republic, *Julia Ward Howe*, 62. Song of the Soldiers, *Lord Byron*, 63. Men who march away, *Thomas Hardy*, 64. Budmouth Dears, *Thomas Hardy*, 66. 'Hey, Jock, are ye glad ye listed?', *Neil Munro*, 67. Ethiopia saluting the Colours, *Walt Whitman*, 68. Battle Song, *Ebenezer Elliott*, 69. The Ungirt Runners, *Charles Hamilton Sorley*, 70. The Song of Callicles on Etna, *Matthew Arnold*, 71. Chorus from 'Atalanta', *A. C. Swinburne*, 73.

(b) *DANCING* 75-84

Go down to Kew in Lilac Time, *Alfred Noyes*, 75. The Deil's awa' wi' the Exciseman, *Robert Burns*, 76. Tullochgorum, *John Skinner*, 77. Come, Lasses and Lads, 79. Damaetas' Jig in Praise of his Love, *John Wootton*, 81. Greensleeves, 81. Come unto these Yellow Sands, *William Shakespeare*, 82. It was a Lover and his Lass, *William Shakespeare*, 83. Imogen, *Sir Henry Newbolt*, 84. The Little Dancers, *Laurence Binyon*, 84.

(c) *RIDING* 85-98

Young Lochinvar, *Sir Walter Scott*, 85. War Song of the Saracens, *J. E. Flecker*, 87. Charge of the Light Brigade, *Lord Tennyson*, 88. Charge of the Heavy Brigade, *Lord Tennyson*, 90. The Cavalier's Escape, *G. W. Thornbury*, 92. The Deserter, *J. P. Curran*, 93. The Last Ride together, *Robert Browning*, 94. Through the Metidja to Abd-el-Kadr, *Robert Browning*, 98.

(d) *ROWING, MILLING, SPINNING, MILKING, AND CRADLE SONGS* 99-105

Canadian Boat Song, *Thomas Moore*, 99. The Miller's Daughter, *Lord Tennyson*, 100. The Weary Pund o' Tow, *Robert Burns*, 101.

Turn, Fortune, turn thy Wheel, *Lord Tennyson*, 101. A Cradle Song, *William Blake*, 102. A Cradle Song, 103. Lullaby, *Richard Rowlands*, 103. Sephertia's Song to her Child, *Robert Greene*, 104. Cradle Song, *Lord Tennyson*, 105.

(e) *PIPES AND BUGLES* 106-114

Waken, Lords and Ladies Gay, *Sir Walter Scott*, 106. Piper, play! *John Davidson*, 107. A Musical Instrument, *E. B. Browning*, 109. Sound, sound the Clarion, *T. O. Mordaunt*, 110. Blow, Bugle, blow, *Lord Tennyson*, 110. The Bonny Earl of Moray, 111. Lament for Macleod of Raasay, *Neil Munro*, 112. The Dirge of Rory O'More, *Aubrey de Vere*, 113. The Muster of the Fallen Angels, *John Milton*, 114.

(f) *BIRD SONGS* 115-118

Spring's Welcome, *Thomas Nash*, 115. Hark, hark, the Lark, *William Shakespeare*, 116. To the Lark, *Robert Herrick*, 116. Hark, how the Birds do Sing, *George Herbert*, 116. Spring's Welcome, *John Lyly*, 117. To the Owl, *Lord Tennyson*, 118. Glycine's Song, *S. T. Coleridge*, 118.

(g) *BELLS, DIRGES, CAROLS* 119-136

The Bell-man, *Robert Herrick*, 119. The Bells of Shandon, *Father Prout*, 119. Caller Herrin', *Lady Nairne*, 120. The Chimes, *Alice Meynell*, 121. Against Oblivion, *Sir Henry Newbolt*, 122. A Lyke-Wake Dirge, 122. Fidele, *William Shakespeare*, 124. Deadman's Dirge, *George Darley*, 124. If thou wilt ease thine Heart, *T. L. Beddoes*, 125. Bring them along, the Young, the Strang, *Charles Murray*, 126. A Lament for Flodden, *Jane Elliot*, 127. In Time of Pestilence, *Thomas Nash*, 127. Lament for the Makaris, *William Dunbar*, 129. Jolly Wat, 132. The Burning Babe, *Robert Southwell*, 134. I sing of a Maiden, 135. The Falcon, 136.

II. ADVANCED

(a) *WALKING, MARCHING, RUNNING*

AUTOLYCUS' SONG

Jog on, jog on the footpath way,
And merrily hent the stile, a!
A merry heart goes all the day
Your sad tires in a mile, a!

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

A BOY'S SONG

WHERE the pools are bright and deep,
Where the grey trout lies asleep.
Up the river and o'er the lea,
That's the way for Billy and me.

Where the blackbird sings the latest,
Where the hawthorn blooms the sweetest,
Where the nestlings chirp and flee,
That's the way for Billy and me.

Where the mowers mow the cleanest,
Where the hay lies thick and greenest,
There to trace the homeward bee,
That's the way for Billy and me.

Where the hazel bank is steepest,
Where the shadow falls the deepest,
Where the clustering nuts fall free,
That's the way for Billy and me.

hent] vault

B

Why the boys should drive away
 Little sweet maidens from the play,
 Or love to banter and fight so well,
 That 's the thing I never could tell.

But this I know, I love to play,
 Through the meadow, among the hay,
 Up the water, and o'er the lea,
 That's the way for Billy and me.

JAMES HOGG.

THE VAGABOND

GIVE to me the life I love,
 Let the lave go by me,
 Give the jolly heaven above
 And the by-way nigh me.
 Bed in the bush with stars to see,
 Bread I dip in the river—
 There 's the life for a man like me,
 There 's the life for ever.
 Let the blow fall soon or late,
 Let what will be o'er me:
 Give the face of earth around,
 And the road before me.
 Wealth I seek not, hope nor love,
 Nor a friend to know me;
 All I seek, the heaven above,
 And the road below me.
 Or let autumn fall on me
 Where afield I linger,
 Silencing the bird on tree,
 Biting the blue finger.

lave] rest

White as meal the frosty field—

Warm the fireside haven—

Not to autumn will I yield,

Not to winter even!

Let the blow fall soon or late,

Let what will be o'er me;

Give the face of earth around,

And the road before me.

Wealth I ask not, hope nor love,

Nor a friend to know me;

All I ask, the heaven above,

And the road below me.

R. L. STEVENSON.

UP IN THE MORNING EARLY

Up in the morning 's no for me,

Up in the morning early!

When a' the hills are cover'd wi' snaw,

I'm sure it 's winter fairly!

Cauld blaws the wind frae east to west,

The drift is driving sairly;

Sae loud and shrill 's I hear the blast—

I'm sure it 's winter fairly!

The birds sit chittering in the thorn,

A' day they fare but sparely;

And lang 's the night frae e'en to morn—

I'm sure it 's winter fairly.

Up in the morning 's no for me,

Up in the morning early!

When a' the hills are cover'd wi' snaw,

I'm sure it 's winter fairly!

ROBERT BURNS.

HASTE THEE, NYMPH

HASTE thee, Nymph, and bring with thee
 Jest and youthful Jollity,
 Quips and Cranks and wanton Wiles,
 Nods and Becks and wreathed Smiles—
 Such as hang on Hebe's cheek,
 And love to live in dimple sleek;
 Sport, that wrinkled Care derides,
 And Laughter, holding both his sides:
 Come, and trip it as you go
 On the light fantastic toe.

JOHN MILTON.

THE ROLLING ENGLISH ROAD

BEFORE the Roman came to Rye or out of Severn strode,
 The rolling English drunkard made the rolling English
 road.

A reeling road, a rolling road, that rambles round the
 shire,

And after him the parson ran, the sexton and the squire;
 A merry road, a mazy road, and such as we did tread
 The night we went to Birmingham by way of Beachy
 Head.

I knew no harm of Bonaparte and plenty of the Squire,
 And for to fight the Frenchman I did not much desire;
 But I did bash their baggonets because they came arrayed
 To straighten out the crooked road an English drunkard
 made,

Where you and I went down the lane with ale-mugs in
 our hands,

The night we went to Glastonbury by way of Goodwin
 Sands.

His sins they were forgiven him; or why do flowers run
 Behind him; and the hedges all strengthening in the sun?
 The wild thing went from left to right and knew not
 which was which,

But the wild rose was above him when they found him in
 the ditch.

God pardon us, nor harden us; we did not see so clear
 The night we went to Bannockburn by way of Brighton
 Pier.

My friends, we will not go again or ape an ancient rage,
 Or stretch the folly of our youth to be the shame of age,
 But walk with clearer eyes and ears this path that wan-
 dereth,

And see undrugged in evening light the decent inn of
 death;

For there is good news yet to hear and fine things to be
 seen,

Before we go to paradise by way of Kensal Green.

G. K. CHESTERTON.

MY BONNIE MARY

Go fetch to me a pint o' wine,

 An' fill it in a silver tassie,

That I may drink before I go

 A service to my bonnie lassie!

The boat rocks at the pier o' Leith,

 Fu' loud the wind blaws frae the Ferry,

The ship rides by the Berwick-Law,

 And I maun leave my bonnie Mary.

The trumpets sound, the banners fly,

 The glittering spears are rankéd ready;

The shouts o' war are heard afar,

 The battle closes deep and bloody;

It's not the roar o' sea or shore
 Wad make me langer wish to tarry,
 Nor shout o' war that's heard afar;
 It's leaving thee, my bonnie Mary.

ROBERT BURNS.

BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC

MINE eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord;
 He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath
 are stored;
 He hath loosed the fateful lightning of his terrible swift
 sword;

His truth is marching on.

I have seen Him in the watch-fires of a hundred circling
 camps;

They have builded Him an altar in the evening dews and
 damps;

I can read His righteous sentence by the dim and flaring
 lamps;

His day is marching on.

I have read a fiery gospel, writ in burnished rows of steel;
 'As ye deal with My contemners, so with you My grace
 shall deal;

Let the Hero born of woman crush the serpent with His
 heel,

Since God is marching on'.

He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call
 retreat;

He is sifting out the hearts of men before His Judgment-
 seat;

O, be swift, my soul, to answer Him! be jubilant, my
 feet!

Our God is marching on.

In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea,
 With a glory in His bosom that transfigures you and me:
 As He died to make men holy, let us die to make men free,
 While God is marching on.

JULIA WARD HOWE.

SONG OF THE SOLDIERS

(*From 'The Deformed Transformed'.*)

THE black bands came over
 The Alps and their snow;
 With Bourbon, the rover,
 They passed the broad Po.
 We have beaten all foemen,
 We have captured a king,
 We have turned back on no men,
 And so let us sing!
 Here 's the Bourbon for ever!
 Though penniless all,
 We'll have one more endeavour
 At yonder old wall.
 With the Bourbon we'll gather
 At day-dawn before
 The gates, and together
 Or break or climb o'er
 The wall: on the ladder
 As mounts each firm foot,
 Our shout shall grow gladder,
 And Death only be mute.
 With the Bourbon we'll mount o'er
 The walls of old Rome,
 And who then shall count o'er
 The spoils of each dome?

LORD BYRON

Up! up with the Lily!
 And down with the Keys!
 In old Rome, the seven-hilly,
 We'll revel at ease.
 Her streets shall be gory,
 Her Tiber all red,
 And her temples so hoary
 Shall clang without tread.
 Oh, the Bourbon, the Bourbon!
 The Bourbon for aye!
 Of our song bear the burden!
 And fire, fire àway!
 With Spain for the vanguard,
 Our varied host comes;
 And next to the Spaniard
 Beat Germany's drums;
 And Italy's lances
 Are couched at their mother;
 But our leader from France is,
 Who warred with his brother.
 Oh, the Bourbon! the Bourbon!
 Sans country or home,
 We'll follow the Bourbon,
 To plunder old Rome. LORD BYRON.

MEN WHO MARCH AWAY

(Song of the Soldiers)

WHAT of the faith and fire within us
 Men who march away
 Ere the barn-cocks say
 Night is growing gray,

Leaving all that here can win us;
What of the faith and fire within us
Men who march away?

Is it a purblind prank, O think you,
Friend with the musing eye,
Who watch us stepping by
With doubt and dolorous sigh?
Can much pondering so hoodwink you!
Is it a purblind prank, O think you,
Friend with the musing eye?

Nay. We well see what we are doing,
Though some may not see—
Dalliers as they be—
England's need are we;
Her distress would leave us rueing:
Nay. We'll see what we are doing,
Though some may not see.

In our heart of hearts believing
Victory crowns the just,
And that braggarts must
Surely bite the dust,
Press we to the field ungrieving,
In our heart of hearts believing
Victory crowns the just.

Hence the faith and fire within us
Men who march away
Ere the barn-cocks say
Night is growing gray,
Leaving all that here can win us;
Hence the faith and fire within us
Men who march away. THOMAS HARDY.

BUDMOUTH DEARS

WHEN we lay where Budmouth Beach is,
O, the girls were fresh as peaches,
With their tall and tossing figures and their eyes of blue
and brown!

And our hearts would ache with longing
As we paced from our sing-songing
With a smart Clink! Clink! up the Esplanade and down.

They distracted and delayed us
By the pleasant pranks they played us,
And what marvel, then, if troopers, even of regiments of
renown,
On whom flashed these eyes divine, O,
Should forget the countersign, O,
As we tore Clink! Clink! back to camp above the town.

Do they miss us much, I wonder,
Now that war has swept us sunder,
And we roam from where the faces smile to where the
faces frown?
And no more behold the features
Of the fair fantastic creatures,
And no more Clink! Clink! past the parlours of the town?

Shall we once again there meet them?
Falter fond attempts to greet them?
Will the gay sling-jacket glow again beside the muslin
gown?
Will they archly quiz and con us
With a sideway glance upon us,
While our spurs Clink! Clink! up the Esplanade and down?

THOMAS HARDY.

‘HEY, JOCK, ARE YE GLAD YE LISTED?’

(Bagpipe Ballads, XIII)

DRUMS . . .

Hey! Jock, are ye glad ye listed?

O Jock, but ye’re far frae hame!

What d’ye think o’ the field o’ Flanders?

Jockey lad, are ye glad ye came?

Wet rigs we wrought in the land o’ Lennox,

When Hielan’ hills were smeared wi’ snaw;

Deer we chased through the seepin’ heather,

But the glaur o’ Flanders dings them a’!

Blyth, blyth and merry was she,

Blyth was she but and ben;

And weel she loo’d a Hawick gill,

And leugh to see a tappit hen.

This is no’ the Fair o’ Balloch,

Sunday claes and a penny reel;

It’s no’ for dancin’ at a bridal

Willie Lawrie’s bagpipes squeal.

Men are to kill in the morn’s mornin’,

Here ye’re back to your daddies’ trade;

Naething for ’t but to cock your bonnet,

Buckle on graith and kiss the maid.

The Cornal’s yonder deid in tartan,

Sinclair’s sheuched in Neuve Eglise,

Slipped awa’ wi’ the sodger’s fever,

Kinder than ony auld man’s disease.

Scotland! Scotland! little we’re due ye,

Poor employ and a skim-milk board,

But youth’s a cream that maun be paid for,

We got it reamin’, so draw the sword!

seepin’] soaking
measure of whisky

glaur] mud
graith] gear

dings] beats
sheuched] ditched

tappit hen]

Come awa', Jock, and cock your bonnet!
 Swing your kilt as best ye can;
 Auld Dumbarton's Drums are dirlin',
 Come awa', Jock, and kill your man!
 Far, far's the cry to Leven Water
 Where your forefolk went to war—
 They would swap wi' us tomorrow
 Even in the Flanders glaur!

Blyth, blyth and merry was she,
 Blyth was she but and ben;
 And weel she loo'd a Hawick gill,
 And leugh t'ò see a tappit hen.

NEIL MUNRO.

ETHIOPIA SALUTING THE COLOURS

'Who are you, dusky woman, so ancient, hardly human,
 With your woolly-white and turban'd head, and bare
 bony feet?

Why rising by the roadside here, do you the colours greet?'

('Tis while our army lines
 Carolina's sands and pines,
 Forth from thy hovel door,
 Thou Ethiopia com'st to me,
 As under doughty Sherman
 I march towards the sea.)

'Me, master, years a hundred since from my parents
 sundered,

A little child they caught me as the savage beast is caught,
 Then hither me across the sea the cruel slaver brought.'

No further does she say,
 But ling'ring all the day,

swap] exchange

Her high-borne turban'd head she wags,
And rolls her darkling eye,
And curtseys to the regiments,
The guidons moving by.

‘ What is it, fateful woman, so blear, hardly human?
Why wag your head with turban bound, yellow, red and
green?
Are the things so strange and marvellous you see, or have
seen? ’

WALT WHITMAN.

BATTLE SONG

DAY, like our souls, is fiercely dark;
What then? 'Tis day!
We sleep no more; the cock crows—hark!
To arms! away!
They come! they come! the knell is rung
Of us or them;
Wide o'er their march the pomp is flung
Of gold and gem.
What collar'd hound of lawless sway,
To famine dear—
What pension'd slave of Attila,
Leads in the rear?
Come they from Scythian wilds afar,
Our blood to spill?
Wear they the livery of the Czar?
They do his will.
Nor tassell'd silk, nor epaulet,
Nor plume, nor torse—
No splendour gilds, all sternly met,
Our foot and horse.

But, dark and still, we inly glow,
Condensed in ire!
Strike, tawdry slaves, and ye shall know
Our gloom is fire.
In vain your pomp, ye evil powers,
Insults the land;
Wrongs, vengeance, and the Cause are ours,
And God's right hand!
Madmen! they trample into snakes
The wormy clod!
Like fire, beneath their feet awakes
The sword of God!
Behind, before, above, below,
They rouse the brave;
Where'er they go, they make a foe,
Or find a grave.

EBENEZER ELLIOT.

THE UNGIRT RUNNERS

WE swing ungirded hips,
And lightened are our eyes,
The rain is on our lips.
We do not run for prize.
We know not whom we trust
Nor whitherward we fare,
But we run because we must
Through the great wide air.

The waters of the seas
Are troubled as by storm.
The tempest strips the trees
And does not leave them warm.

Does the tearing tempest pause? -
Do the tree tops ask it why?
So we run without a cause
'Neath the big bare sky.

The rain is on our lips,
We do not run for prize.
But the storm the water whips
And the wave howls to the skies.
The winds arise and strike it
And scatter it like sand,
And we run because we like it
Through the broad white land.

CHARLES HAMILTON SORLEY.

THE SONG OF CALLICLES ON ETNA

THROUGH the black, rushing smoke-bursts
Thick breaks the red flame;
All Etna heaves fiercely
Her forest-clothed frame.

Not here, O Apollo!
Are haunts meet for thee.
But where Helicon breaks down
In cliff to the sea.

Where the moon-silver'd inlets
Send far their light voice
Up the still dale of Thisbe,
O speed and rejoice!

On the sward at the cliff-top
Lie strewn the white flocks;
On the cliff-side the pigeons
Roost deep in the rocks.

In the moonlight the shepherds,
Soft lull'd by the rills,
Lie wrapt in their blankets
Asleep on the hills.

—What forms are these coming
So white through the gloom?
What garments out-glistening
The gold-flower'd broom?

What sweet-breathing presence
Out-perfumes the thyme?
What voices enrapture
The night's balmy prime?—

'Tis Apollo comes leading
His choir, the Nine.
The leader is fairest,
But all are divine.

They are lost in the hollows!
They stream up again!
What seeks on this mountain
The glorified train?—

They bathe on this mountain,
In the spring by their road;
Then on to Olympus,
Their endless abode!

—Whose praise do they mention
Of what is it told?—
What will be for ever;
What was from of old.

First hymn they the father
Of all things;—and then
The rest of immortals,
The action of men;

The day in his hotness,
The strife with the palm;
The night in her silence,
The stars in their calm.

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

CHORUS FROM 'ATALANTA'

WHEN the hounds of spring are on winter's traces,
The mother of months in meadow or plain
Fills the shadows and windy places
With lisp of leaves and ripple of rain;
And the brown bright nightingale amorous
Is half assuaged for Itylus,
For the Thracian ships and the foreign faces,
The tongueless vigil, and all the pain.
Come with bows bent and with emptying of quivers,
Maiden most perfect, lady of light,
With a noise of winds and many rivers,
With a clamour of waters, and with might;
Bind on thy sandals, O thou most fleet,
Over the splendour and speed of thy feet;
For the faint east quickens, the wan west shivers,
Round the feet of the day and the feet of the night.

Where shall we find her, how shall we sing to her,
Fold our hands round her knees, and cling,
O that man's heart were as fire and could spring to her,
Fire, or the strength of the streams that spring!
For the stars and the winds are unto her
As raiment, as songs of the harp-player;
For the risen stars and the fallen cling to her,
And the south-west wind and the west wind sing.

For winter's rains and ruins are over,
And all the season of snows and sins;
The days dividing lover and lover,
The light that loses, the night that wins;
And time remember 'd is grief forgotten,
And frosts are slain and flowers begotten,
And in green underwood and cover
Blossom by blossom the spring begins.
The full streams feed on flower of rushes,
Ripe grasses trammel a travelling foot,
The faint fresh flame of the young year flushes
From leaf to flower and from flower to fruit;
And fruit and leaf are as gold and fire,
And the oat is heard above the lyre,
And the hoofed heel of a satyr crushes
The chestnut-husk at the chestnut-root.

And Pan by noon and Bacchus by night,
Fleeter of foot than the fleet-foot kid,
Follows with dancing and fills with delight
The Maenad and the Bassarid;
And soft as lips that laugh and hide
The laughing leaves of the trees divide,
And screen from seeing and leave in sight
The god pursuing, the maiden hid.

The ivy falls with the Bacchanal's hair
Over her eyebrows hiding her eyes;
The wild vine slipping down leaves bare
Her bright breast shortening into sighs;
The wild vine slips with the weight of its leaves,
But the berried ivy catches and cleaves
To the limbs that glitter, the feet that scare
The wolf that follows, the fawn that flies.

A. C. SWINBURNE.

(b) *DANCING*

GO DOWN TO KEW IN LILAC-TIME

Go down to Kew in lilac-time, in lilac-time, in lilac-time;

Go down to Kew in lilac-time (it isn't far from London!)
And you shall wander hand in hand with love in summer's
wonderland;

Go down to Kew in lilac-time (it isn't far from London!)

The cherry-trees are seas of bloom and soft perfume and
sweet perfume,

The cherry-trees are seas of bloom (and oh, so near to
London!)

And there they say, when dawn is high and all the world's
a blaze of sky,

The cuckoo, though he's very shy, will sing a song for
London.

The nightingale is rather rare and yet they say you'll
hear him there

At Kew, at Kew in lilac-time (and oh, so near to London!)

The linnet and the throstle, too, and after dark the long
halloo

And golden-eye'd *tu-whit, tu-whoo* of owls that ogle
London.

For Noah hardly knew a bird of any kind that isn't heard

At Kew, at Kew in lilac-time (and oh, so near to London!)

And when the rose begins to pout and all the chestnut
spires are out

You'll hear the rest without a doubt, all chorusing for
London—

Come down to Kew in lilac-time, in lilac-time, in lilac-time;
 Come down to Kew in lilac-time (it isn't far from London!)

And you shall wander hand in hand with love in summer's wonderland;
 Come down to Kew in lilac-time (it isn't far from London!)

And you shall wander hand in hand with love in summer's wonderland;
 Come down to Kew in lilac-time (it isn't far from London!)

Come down to Kew in lilac-time (it isn't far from London!)

ALFRED NOYES.

THE DEIL 'S AWA WI' THE EXCISEMAN

THE Deil cam fiddlin' thro' the toun,
 And danc'd awa wi' the Exciseman;

And ilka wife cries, 'Auld Mahoun,
 I wish you luck o' the prize, man.'

The Deil 's awa, the Deil 's awa,
 The Deil 's awa wi' the Exciseman;
 He 's danc'd awa, he 's danc'd awa,
 He 's danc'd awa wi' the Exciseman.

'We'll mak our maut, we'll brew our drink,
 We'll dance, and sing, and rejoice, man;
 And monie thanks to the meikle black Deil
 That 's danc'd awa wi' the Exciseman.'

The Deil 's awa, the Deil 's awa,
 The Deil 's awa wi' the Exciseman;
 He 's danc'd awa, he 's danc'd awa,
 He 's danc'd awa wi' the Exciseman.

'There 's threesome reels, and foursome reels,
 There 's hornpipes and strathspeys, man;
 But the ae best dance e'er cam to the lan',
 Was—the Deil 's awa wi' the Exciseman.'

The Deil 's awa, the Deil 's awa,
 The Deil 's awa, he 's danc'd awa,
 He 's danc'd awa, he 's danc'd awa,
 He 's danc'd awa wi' the Exciseman.

ROBERT BURNS.

TULLOCHGORUM

COME, gie 's a sang, Montgomery cry'd,
 And lay your disputes a' aside;
 What signifies 't for folks to chide
 For what was done before them?
 Let Whig and Tory a' agree,
 Whig and Tory, Whig and Tory,
 Whig and Tory a' agree
 To drop their whigmigorum;
 Let Whig and Tory a' agree
 To spend this night wi' mirth and glee,
 And cheerfu' sing, alang wi' me,
 The Reel o' Tullochgorum.

O Tullochgorum 's my delight,
 It gars us a' in ane unite,
 And ony sumph that keeps up spite,
 In conscience I abhor him,
 Blithe and merry we'll be a'
 And mak a cheerfu' quorum.
 For blithe and merry we'll be a'
 As lang as we hae breath to draw,
 And dance, till we be like to fa',
 The Reel o' Tullochgorum.

sumph] oaf

What needs there be sae great a fraise
 Wi' dringing dull Italian lays;
 I wadna gie our ain strathspeys
 For half a hundred score o' them:
 They dowf and dowie at the best,
 Dowf and dowie, dowf and dowie,
 Dowf and dowie at the best,
 Wi' a' their variorum;
 They're dowf and dowie at the best,
 Their allegros and a' the rest;
 They canna please a Scottish taste
 Compared wi' Tullochgorum.

Let warldly worms their minds oppress
 Wi' fears o' want and double cess,
 And sullen sots themsels distress
 Wi' keeping up decorum.
 Shall we sae sour and sulky sit,
 Sour and sulky, sour and sulky,
 Sour and sulky shall we sit
 Like auld philosophorum?
 Shall we sae sour and sulky sit,
 Wi' neither sense, nor mirth nor wit,
 Nor ever rise to shake a fit
 To the reel o' Tullochgorum?

May choicest blessings aye attend
 Each honest open-hearted friend,
 And calm and quiet be his end,
 And a' that's good watch o'er him;
 May peace and plenty be his lot,
 Peace and plenty, peace and plenty,
 Peace and plenty be his lot,
 And dainties a great store o' them;

fraise] fuss

dowf] lifeless

cess] tax

May peace and plenty be his lot,
Unstain'd by any vicious spot,
And may he never want a groat,
That 's fond o' Tullochgorum!

But for the sullen, frumpish fool,
Who wants to be oppression's tool,
May envy gnaw his rotten soul,
And discontent devour him;
May dule and sorrow be his chance,
Dule and sorrow, dule and sorrow,
Dule and sorrow be his chance,
And nane say ' Wae's me ' for him!
May dule and sorrow be his chance,
And a' the ills that come frae France,
Wha'er there be that winna dance,
The Reel o' Tullochgorum.

JOHN SKINNER.

COME, LASSES AND LADS

Come, lasses and lads, get leave from your dads,
And away to the maypole hie,
For every fair has a sweetheart there,
And the fiddler 's standing by;
For Willy shall dance with Jane,
And Johnny has got his Joan,
To trip it, trip it, trip it,
Trip it up and down.

' Begin,' says Hall; ' Oh yes!' says Moll,
' We'll lead up Packington's Pound.'
' Do, do!' says Jess; ' No, no!' says Bess,
' We'll first have Sellinger's Round! '

Then every lad did take
His hat off to his lass,
And every lass did curtsey, curtsey,
Curtsey on the grass.

‘You’re out!’ says Dick; ‘Not I,’ says Nick,
‘’Twas the fiddler played it wrong.’
‘’Tis true,’ says Hugh. And so says Sue,
And so says ev’ry one.
The fiddler then began
To play the tune again,
And ev’ry girl did trip it, trip it,
Trip it to the men.

Now there they did stay the whole of the day,
And tired the fiddler quite
With dance and play, without any pay,
From morning unto night.
They told the fiddler then
They’d pay him for his play,
And each a two-pence, two-pence, two-pence
Gave him and went away.

‘Goodnight!’ says Harry; ‘Goodnight!’ says Mary;
‘Goodnight!’ says Polly to John;
‘Goodnight!’ says Sue to her sweetheart Hugh,
‘Goodnight!’ says ev’ry one.
Some walked and some did run;
Some loitered on the way,
And bound themselves by kisses twelve
To meet next holiday.

DAMAETAS' JIG IN PRAISE OF HIS LOVE

JOLLY shepherd, shepherd on the hill,
 On a hill so merrily,
 On a hill so cheerily,
 Fear not, shepherd, there to pipe thy fill,
 Fill every dale, fill every plain:
 Both sing and say, 'Love feels no pain.'

Jolly shepherd, shepherd in the shade,
 In the shade so merrily,
 In the shade so cheerily,
 Joy in thy life, life of shepherd's trade,
 Joy in thy love, love full of glee:
 Both sing and say, 'Sweet love for me.'

Jolly shepherd, shepherd here or there,
 Here or there merrily,
 Here or there cheerily,
 Or in thy chat, either at thy cheer,
 In every jig, in every lay
 Both sing and say, 'Love lasts for aye.'

JOHN WOOTTON.

GREENSLEEVES

ALAS! my love, you do me wrong
 To cast me off discourteously;
 And I have loved you so long,
 Delighting in your company.
 Greensleeves was all my joy!
 Greensleeves was my delight!
 Greensleeves was my heart of gold!
 And who but my lady Greensleeves!

I bought thee petticoats of the best,
 The cloths so fine as fine might be;
 I gave thee jewels for thy chest,
 And all this cost I spent on thee.
 Greensleeves was all my joy!
 Greensleeves was my delight!
 Greensleeves was my heart of gold!
 And who but my lady Greensleeves!

Thy smock of silk both fair and white,
 With gold embroidered gorgeously;
 Thy petticoat of sendal-right:
 And these I bought thee gladly.
 Greensleeves was all my joy!
 Greensleeves was my delight!
 Greensleeves was my heart of gold!
 And who but my lady Greensleeves!

Greensleeves now farewell, adieu!
 God I pray to prosper thee!
 For I am still thy lover true:
 Come once again and love me!
 Greensleeves was all my joy!
 Greensleeves was my delight!
 Greensleeves was my heart of gold!
 And who but my lady Greensleeves!

ANON.

COME UNTO THESE YELLOW SANDS

COME unto these yellow sands,
 And then take hands:
 Court 'sied when you have, and kiss'd
 The wild waves whist,

Foot it featly here and there;
And sweet sprites, the burthen bear.

Hark, hark!

Bow, wow,

The watch-dogs bark:

Bow, wow.

Hark, hark, I hear
The strain of strutting chanticleer
Cry, Cock-a-diddle-dow!

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

IT WAS A LOVER AND HIS LASS

It was a lover and his lass,

With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
That o'er the green cornfield did pass
In the spring time, the only pretty ring time,
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding:
Sweet lovers love the spring.

Between the acres of the rye,

With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
These pretty country folks would lie,
In the spring time, &c.

This carol they began that hour,

With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
How that life was but a flower
In the spring time, &c.

And therefore take the present time,

With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
For love is crowned with the prime
In the spring time, &c.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

IMOGEN

LADIES, where were your bright eyes glancing,
Where were they glancing yesternight?
Saw ye Imogen, dancing, dancing,
Imogen dancing all in white?
Laughed she not with a pure delight,
Laughed she not with a joy serene,
Stepped she not with a grace entrancing,
Slenderly girt in silken sheen?
All through the night from dusk to daytime
Under her feet the hours were swift,
Under her feet the hours of playtime
Rose and fell with a rhythmic lift:
Music set her adrift, adrift,
Music eddying towards the day
Swept her along as brooks in Maytime
Carry the freshly falling May.
Ladies, life is a changing measure,
Youth is a lilt that endeth soon;
Pluck ye never so fast at pleasure,
Twilight follows the longest noon.
Nay, but here is a lasting boon,
Life for hearts that are old and chill,
Youth undying for hearts that treasure
Imogen dancing, dancing still.

SIR HENRY NEWBOLT.

THE LITTLE DANCERS

LONELY, save for a few faint stars, the sky
Dreams; and lonely, below, the little street
Into its gloom retires, secluded and shy.
Scarcely the dumb roar enters this soft retreat;

And all is dark, save where come flooding rays
From a tavern window: there, to the brisk measure
Of an organ that down in an alley merrily plays,
Two children, all alone and no one by,
Holding their tatter'd frocks, through an airy maze
Of motion, lightly threaded with nimble feet,
Dance sedately: face to face they gaze,
Their eyes shining, grave with a perfect pleasure.

LAURENCE BINYON.

(c) *RIDING*

YOUNG LOCHINVAR

O, YOUNG Lochinvar is come out of the west,
Through all the wide Border his steed was the best;
And save his good broadsword he weapons had none,
He rode all unarm'd, and he rode all alone.
So faithful in love, and so dauntless in war,
There never was knight like the young Lochinvar.

He staid not for brake, and he stopp'd not for stone
He swam the Eske river where ford there was none;
But ere he alighted at Netherby gate,
The bride had consented, the gallant came late;
For a laggard in love, and a dastard in war,
Was to wed the fair Ellen of brave Lochinvar.

So boldly he enter'd the Netherby Hall,
Among bride's-men, and kinsmen, and brothers, and all:
Then spoke the bride's father, his hand on his sword,
(For the poor craven bridegroom said never a word),
'O come ye in peace here, or come ye in war,
Or to dance at our bridal, young Lord Lochinvar?'

'I long woo'd your daughter, my suit you denied;—
Love swells like the Solway, but ebbs like its tide—
And now am I come, with this lost love of mine,
To lead but one measure, drink one cup of wine.
There are maidens in Scotland more lovely by far,
That would gladly be bride to the young Lochinvar.'

The bride kiss'd the goblet: the knight took it up,
He quaff'd off the wine, and he threw down the cup.
She look'd down to blush, and she look'd up to sigh,
With a smile on her lips, and a tear in her eye.
He took her soft hand, ere her mother could bar,—
'Now tread we a measure!' said young Lochinvar.

So stately his form, and so lovely her face,
That never a hall such a galliard did grace;
While her mother did fret, and her father did fume,
And the bridegroom stood dangling his bonnet and plume;
And the bride-maidens whisper'd, 'Twere better by far,
To have match'd our fair cousin with young Lochinvar.'

One touch to her hand, and one word in her ear,
When they reach'd the hall-door, and the charger stood
near;

So light to the croupe the fair lady he swung,
So light to the saddle before her he sprung!
'She is won! we are gone, over bank, bush, and scaur;
They'll have fleet steeds that follow,' quoth young
Lochinvar.

There was mounting 'mong Graemes of the Netherby clan;
Forsters, Fenwicks, and Musgraves, they rode and they ran:
There was racing and chasing on Cannobie Lee,
But the lost bride of Netherby ne'er did they see.
So daring in love, and so dauntless in war,
Have ye e'er heard of gallant like young Lochinvar?

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

WAR SONG OF THE SARACENS

WE are they who come faster than fate: we are they who
ride early or late:

We storm at your ivory gate: Pale Kings of the Sunset,
beware!

Not on silk nor in samet we lie, not in curtained solemnity
die

Among women who chatter and cry, and children who
mumble a prayer.

But we sleep by the ropes of the camp, and we rise with
a shout, and we tramp

With the sun or the moon for a lamp, and the spray of
the wind in our hair.

From the lands, where the elephants are, to the forts of
Merou and Balghar,

Our steel we have brought and our star to shine on the
ruins of Rum.

We have marched from the Indus to Spain, and by God
we will go there again;

We have stood on the shore of the plain where the Waters
of Destiny boom.

A mart of destruction we made at Jalula where men were
afraid,

For death was a difficult trade, and the sword was a
broker of doom;

And the Spear was a Desert Physician who cured not a few
of ambition,

And drave not a few to perdition with medicine bitter
and strong:

And the shield was a grief to the fool and as bright as
a desolate pool,

And as straight as the rock of Stamboul when their cavalry
thundered along:

For the coward was drowned with the brave when our
battle sheered up like a wave,

And the dead to the desert we gave, and the glory to God
in our song.

J. E. FLECKER.

THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE

HALF a league, half a league,

Half a league onward,

All in the valley of Death

Rode the six hundred.

‘Forward, the Light Brigade!

Charge for the guns!’ he said:

Into the valley of Death

Rode the six hundred.

‘Forward, the Light Brigade!’

Was there a man dismay’d?

Not tho’ the soldiers knew

Some one had blunder’d:

Theirs not to make reply,

Theirs not to reason why,

Theirs but to do and die;

Into the valley of Death

Rode the six hundred.

Cannon to right of them,

Cannon to left of them,

Cannon in front of them

Volley’d and thunder’d;

Storm’d at with shot and shell,

Boldly they rode and well,

Into the jaws of Death,
 Into the mouth of Hell
 Rode the six hundred.

Flash'd all their sabres bare,
 Flash'd as they turned in air,
 Sabring the gunners there,
 Charging an army, while
 All the world wonder'd:
 Plunged in the battery-smoke
 Right thro' the line they broke
 Cossack and Russian
 Reel'd from the sabre-stroke
 Shatter'd and sunder'd.
 Then they rode back, but not,
 Not the six hundred.

Cannon to right of them,
 Cannon to left of them,
 Cannon behind them,
 Volley'd and thunder'd;
 Storm'd at with shot and shell,
 While horse and hero fell,
 They that had fought so well
 Came thro' the jaws of Death
 Back from the mouth of Hell,
 All that was left of them,
 Left of six hundred.

When can their glory fade?
 O the wild charge they made!
 All the world wonder'd.
 Honour the charge they made!
 Honour the Light Brigade,
 Noble six hundred!

LORD TENNYSON.

CHARGE OF THE HEAVY BRIGADE

THE charge of the gallant three hundred, the Heavy
Brigade!

Down the hill, down the hill, thousands of Russians,
Thousands of horsemen, drew to the valley—and stayed;
For Scarlett and Scarlett's three hundred were riding by
When the points of the Russian lances arose in the sky;
And he called, 'Left wheel into line!' and they wheeled
and obeyed.

Then he looked at the host that had halted he knew not
why,

And he turned half round, and he bade his trumpeter sound
To the charge, and he rode on ahead, as he waved his
blade

To the gallant three hundred whose glory will never die—
'Follow,' and up the hill, up the hill, up the hill,
Followed the Heavy Brigade.

The trumpet, the gallop, the charge, and the might of
the fight!

Thousands of horsemen had gathered there on the height,
With a wing pushed out to the left and a wing to the right,
And who shall escape if they close? but he dashed up alone
Through the great grey slope of men,
Swayed his sabre, and held his own
Like an Englishman there and then;
All in a moment followed with force
Three that were next in their fiery course,
Wedged themselves in between horse and horse,
Fought for their lives in the narrow gap they had made—
Four amid thousands! and up the hill, up the hill,
Gallop the gallant three hundred, the Heavy Brigade.

Fell like a cannon-shot,
Burst like a thunder-bolt,
Crashed like a hurricane,
Broke through the mass from below,
Drove through the midst of the foe,
Plunged up and down, to and fro,
Rode flashing blow upon blow,
Brave Inniskillens and Greys
Whirling their sabres in circles of light;
And some of us, all in amaze,
Who were held for a while from the fight,
And were only standing at gaze,
When the dark-muffled Russian crowd
Folded its wings from the left and the right,
And rolled them around like a cloud,—
O mad for the charge and the battle were we,
When our own good redcoats sank from sight,
Like drops of blood in a dark grey sea,
And we turned to each other, whispering, all dismayed,
‘Lost are the gallant three hundred of Scarlett’s Brigade!’

‘Lost one and all’ were the words
Muttered in our dismay;
But they rode like victors and Lords
Through the forest of lances and swords
In the heart of the Russian hordes,
They rode, or they stood at bay—
Struck with the sword-hand and slew,
Down with the bridle-hand drew
The foe from the saddle and threw
Underfoot there in the fray—
Raged like a storm or stood like a rock
In the wave of a stormy day:
Till suddenly shock upon shock

Staggered the mass from without,
Drove it in wild disarray,
For our men gallopt up with a cheer and a shout,
And the foeman surged, and wavered and reeled
Up the hill, up the hill, up the hill, out of the field,
And over the brow and away.

Glory to each and to all, and the charge that they made!
Glory to all the three hundred, and all the Brigade!

LORD TENNYSON.

THE CAVALIER'S ESCAPE

TRAMPLE! trample! went the roan,
Trap! trap! went the gray;
But pad! pad! pad! like a thing that was mad,
My chestnut broke away.
It was just five miles from Salisbury Town,
And but one hour to day.

Thud! thud! came on the heavy roan,
Rap! rap! the mettled gray;
But my chestnut mare was of blood so rare,
That she showed them all the way.
Spur on! spur on! I doffed my hat,
And wished them all good-day.

They splashed through miry rut and pool,
Splintered through fence and rail;
But chestnut Kate switched over the gate,
I saw them droop and tail.
To Salisbury town, but a mile of down,
Over this brook and rail.

Trap! trap! I heard their echoing hoofs
Past the walls of mossy stone;

The roan flew on at a staggering pace,
But blood is better than bone.
I patted old Kate and gave her the spur,
For I knew it was all my own.
But trample! trample! came their steeds,
And I saw their wolf's eyes burn;
I felt like a royal hart at bay,
And made me ready to turn.
I looked where highest grew the may,
And deepest arched the fern.
I flew at the first knave's sallow throat;
One blow, and he was down.
The second rogue fired twice, and missed;
I sliced the villain's crown,
Clove through the rest, and flogged brave Kate,
Fast, fast, to Salisbury Town.
Pad! pad! they came on the level sward,
Thud! thud! upon the sand;
With a gleam of swords and a burning match,
And a shaking of flag and hand.
But one long bound, and I passed the gate,
Safe from the canting band.

G. W. THORNBURY.

THE DESERTER

IF sadly thinking
With spirits sinking,
Could more than drinking
My cares compose,
A cure for sorrow
From sighs I'd borrow,
And hope tomorrow
Would end my woes.

J. P. CURRAN

But as in wailing
 There 's nought availing,
 And Death unfailing
 Will strike the blow,
 Then for that reason,
 And for a season,
 Let us be merry
 Before we go.

To joy a stranger,
 A way-worn ranger,
 In every danger
 My course I've run;
 Now hope all ending,
 And Death befriending,
 His last aid lending,
 My cares are done:

No more a rover,
 Or hapless lover,
 My griefs are over,
 My glass runs low;
 Then for that reason,
 And for a season
 Let us be merry
 Before we go!

J. P. CURRAN.

THE LAST RIDE TOGETHER

I SAID—Then, dearest, since 'tis so,
 Since now at length my fate I know,
 Since nothing all my love avails,
 Since all, my life seemed meant for, fails,
 Since this was written and needs must be—

My whole heart rises up to bless
Your name in pride and thankfulness!
Take back the hope you gave,—I claim
Only a memory of the same,
—And this beside, if you will not blame,
Your leave for one more last ride with me.

My mistress bent that brow of hers;
Those deep dark eyes where pride demurs
When pity would be softening through,
Fixed me a breathing-while or two
With life or death in the balance: right!
The blood replenished me again;
My last thought was at least not vain:
I and my mistress, side by side
Shall be together, breathe and ride,
So, one day more am I deified.

Who knows but the world may end to-night?

Hush! if you saw some western cloud
All billowy-bosomed, over-bowed
By many benedictions—sun's
And moon's and evening-star's at once—

And so, you, looking and loving best,
Conscious grew, your passion drew
Cloud, sunset, moonrise, star-shine too,
Down on you, near and yet more near,
Till flesh must fade for heaven was here!—
Thus leant she and lingered—joy and fear!

Thus lay she a moment on my breast.

Then we began to ride. My soul
Smoothed itself out, a long-cramped scroll
Freshening and fluttering in the wind.
Past hopes already lay behind.

What need to strive with a life awry?

Had I said that, had I done this,
 So might I gain, so might I miss.
 Might she have loved me? just as well
 She might have hated, who can tell!
 Where had I been now if the worst befell?

And here we are riding, she and I.

Fail I alone, in words and deeds?
 Why, all men strive and who succeeds?
 We rode; it seemed my spirit flew,
 Saw other regions, cities new,

As the world rushed by on either side.
 I thought,—All labour; yet no less
 Bear up beneath their unsuccess.
 Look at the end of work, contrast
 The petty done, the undone vast,
 This present of theirs with the hopeful past!

I hoped she would love me; here we ride

What hand and brain went ever paired?
 What heart alike conceived and dared?
 What act proved all its thought had been?
 What will but felt the fleshly screen?

We ride and I see her bosom heave.
 There's many a crown for who can reach.
 Ten lines, a statesman's life in each!
 The flag stuck on a heap of bones,
 A soldier's doing! what atones?
 They scratch his name on the Abbey-stones.

My riding is better, by their leave.

What does it all mean, poet? Well,
 Your brains beat into rhythm, you tell
 What we felt only; you expressed
 You hold things beautiful the best,
 And pace them in rhyme so, side by side

'Tis something, nay 'tis much: but then,
Have you yourself what's best for men?
Are you—poor, sick, old ere your time—
Nearer one whit your own sublime
Than we who never have turned a rhyme?
Sing, riding's joy! For me, I ride.

And you great sculptor—so, you gave
A score of years to Art, her slave,
And that's your Venus, whence we turn
To yonder girl that fords the burn!

You acquiesce, and shall I repine?
What, man of music, you grown grey
With notes and nothing else to say,
Is this your sole praise from a friend,
'Greatly his opera's strains intend,
'But in music we know how fashions end!'

I gave my youth, but we ride, in fine.

Who knows what's fit for us? Had fate
Proposed bliss here should sublimate
My being—had I signed the bond—
Still one must lead some life beyond,
Have a bliss to die with, dim-descried.
This foot once planted on the goal,
This glory-garland round my soul,
Could I descry such? Try and test!
I sink back shuddering from the quest.
Earth being so good, would heaven seem blest?

Now, heaven and she are beyond this ride.

And yet—she has not spoke so long!
What if heaven be that, fair and strong
At life's best, with our eyes unturned
Whither life's flower is first discerned,
We, fixed so, ever should so abide?

What if we still ride on, we two
 With life for ever old yet new,
 Changed not in kind but in degree,
 The instant made eternity,—
 And heaven just prove that I and she
 Ride, ride together, for ever ride?

ROBERT BROWNING.

THROUGH THE METIDJA TO ABD-EL-KADR

As I ride, as I ride,
 With a full heart for my guide,
 So its tide rocks my side,
 As I ride, as I ride,
 That, as I were double-eyed,
 He, in whom our tribes confide,
 Is descried, ways untried
 As I ride, as I ride.

As I ride, as I ride
 To our chief and his Allied,
 Who dares chide my heart's pride
 As I ride, as I ride?
 Or are witnesses denied—
 Through the desert waste and wide
 Do I glide unespied
 As I ride, as I ride?

As I ride, as I ride,
 When an inner voice has cried,
 The sands slide, nor abide
 (As I ride, as I ride)
 O'er each visioned homicide
 That came vaunting (has he lied?)
 To reside—where he died,
 As I ride, as I ride.

As I ride, as I ride,
 Ne'er has spur my swift horse plied,
 Yet his hide, streaked and pied,
 As I ride, as I ride,
 Shows where sweat has sprung and dried,
 —Zebra-footed, ostrich-thighed—
 How has vied stride with stride
 As I ride, as I ride!

As I ride, as I ride,
 Could I loose what Fate had tied,
 Ere I pried, she should hide
 (As I ride, as I ride)

All that 's meant me—satisfied
 When the prophet and the Bride
 Stop veins I'd have subside
 As I ride, as I ride!

ROBERT BROWNING.

(d) *CRADLE SONGS, ETC.*

CANADIAN BOAT SONG

FAINTLY as tolls the evening chime,
 Our voices keep tune and our oars keep time.
 Soon as the woods on shore look dim,
 We'll sing at St. Ann's our parting hymn.
 Row, brothers, row! the stream runs fast,
 The rapids are near, and the daylight 's past!
 Why should we yet our sail unfurl?
 There 's not a breath the blue wave to curl!
 But, when the wind blows off the shore,
 Oh, sweetly we'll rest our weary oar.
 Blow, breezes, blow! the stream runs fast!
 The rapids are near, and the daylight 's past!

Ottawa's tide! this trembling moon
Shall see us float o'er thy surges soon.
Saint of this green isle, hear our prayers,
O grant us cool heavens and favouring airs.
Blow, breezes, blow! the stream runs fast,
The rapids are near, and the daylight's past.

THOMAS MOORE.

THE MILLER'S DAUGHTER

It is the miller's daughter,
And she is grown so dear, so dear,
That I would be the jewel
That trembles at her ear:
For hid in ringlets day and night,
I'd touch her neck so warm and white.

And I would be the girdle
About her dainty dainty waist,
And her heart would beat against me
In sorrow and in rest:
And I should know if it beat right,
I'd clasp it round so close and tight.

And I would be the necklace,
And all day long to fall and rise
Upon her balmy bosom,
With her laughter or her sighs,
And I would lie so light, so light,
I scarce should be unclasp'd at night.

LORD TENNYSON.

THE WEARY PUND O' TOW

I BOUGHT my wife a stane o' lint
 As guid as e'er did grow;
 And a' that she has made o' that,
 Is ae puir pund o' tow.

The weary pund, the weary pund,
 The weary pund o' tow;
 I think my wife will end her life
 Before she spin her tow.

There sat a bottle in a bole,
 Ayont the ingle lowe,
 And aye she took the tither souk
 To drouk the stowrie tow.

The weary pund, the weary pund, &c.

Quoth I, ' For shame, ye dorty dame,
 Gae spin your tap o' tow! '
 She took the rock, and wi' a knock
 She brak it o'er my pow.

The weary pund, the weary pund, &c.

At last her feet—I sang to see 't—
 Gaed foremost o'er the knowe;
 And or I wad anither jad,
 I'll wallop in a tow.

The weary pund, the weary pund, &c.

ROBERT BURNS.

TURN, FORTUNE, TURN THY WHEEL

TURN, Fortune, turn thy wheel and lower the proud;
 Turn thy wild wheel thro' sunshine, storm and cloud;
 Thy wheel and thee we neither love nor hate.

dorty] sulky

ingle lowe] fireside glow

Turn, Fortune, turn thy wheel with smile or frown;
With that wild wheel we go not up or down;
Our hoard is little, but our hearts are great.

Smile and we smile, the lords of many lands;
Frown and we smile, the lords of our own hands;
For man is man and master of his fate.

Turn, turn thy wheel above the staring crowd;
Thy wheel and thou are shadows in the cloud;
Thy wheel and thee we neither love nor hate.

LORD TENNYSON.

A CRADLE SONG

SWEET dreams, form a shade
O'er my lovely Infant's head!
Sweet dreams of pleasant streams
By happy, silent, moony beams!
Sweet sleep, with soft down
Weave thy brows an infant's crown!
Sweet sleep, angel mild,
Hover o'er my happy child.
Sweet smiles, in the night
Hover over my delight;
Sweet smiles, mother's smile,
All the livelong night beguile.
Sweet moans, dovelike sighs,
Chase not slumber from thy eyes!
Sweet moan, sweeter smile,
All the dovelike moans beguile.
Sleep, sleep, happy child,
All creation slept and smiled.
Sleep, sleep, happy sleep,
While o'er thee thy mother weep.

Sweet babe, in thy face
Holy image I can trace.
Sweet babe, once like thee
Thy Maker lay, and wept for me.
Wept for me, for thee, for all,
When He was an infant small.
Thou His image ever see,
Heavenly face that smiles on thee.
Smiles on thee, on me, on all,
Who became an infant small;
Infant smiles are His own smiles;
Heaven and earth to peace beguiles.

WILLIAM BLAKE.

CRADLE SONG

O MY deir hert, young Jesus sweit,
Prepare thy creddil in my spreit,
And I shall rock thee in my hert
And never mair from thee depart.
But I shall praise thee evermoir
With sangis sweit unto thy gloir;
The knees of my hert sall I bow,
And sing that richt *Balulalow!*

LULLABY

UPON my lap my sovereign sits
And sucks upon my breast;
Meantime his love maintains my life
And gives my sense her rest.
Sing, lullaby, my little boy,
Sing lullaby, mine only joy!

RICHARD ROWLANDS

When thou hast taken thy repast,
Repose, my babe, on me;
So may thy mother and thy nurse
Thy cradle also be.

Sing, lullaby, my little boy,
Sing lullaby, mine only joy!

I grieve that duty doth not work
All that my wishing would,
Because I would not be to thee
But in the best I should.

Sing lullaby, my little boy,
Sing lullaby, mine only joy!

Yet as I am, and as I may,
I must and will be thine,
Though all too little for thy self
Vouchsafing to be mine.

Sing, lullaby, my little boy,
Sing lullaby, mine only joy!

RICHARD ROWLANDS.

SEPHERTIA'S SONG TO HER CHILD

WEEP not, my wanton, smile upon my knee,
When thou art old, there 's grief enough for thee.

Mother's wag, pretty boy,
Father's sorrow, father's joy;
When thy father first did see
Such a boy by him and me,
He was glad, I was woe;
Fortune changed made him so,
When he left his pretty boy,
Last his sorrow, first his joy.

Weep not, my wanton, smile upon my knee,
 When thou art old, there 's grief enough for thee.

Streaming tears that never stint,
 Like pearl drops from a flint,
 Fell by course from his eyes,
 That one another's place supplies;
 Thus he grieved in every part,
 Tears of blood fell from his heart,
 When he left his pretty boy,
 Father's sorrow, father's joy.

Weep not, my wanton, smile upon my knee,
 When thou art old, there 's grief enough for thee.

The wanton smiled, father wept,
 Mother cried, baby leapt;
 More he crow'd, more he cried,
 Nature could not sorrow hide:
 He must go, he must kiss
 Child and mother, baby bliss,
 For he left his pretty boy,
 Father's sorrow, father's joy.

Weep not, my wanton, smile upon my knee,
 When thou art old, there 's grief enough for thee.

ROBERT GREENE.

CRADLE SONG

SWEET and low, sweet and low,
 Wind of the western sea,
 Low, low, breathe and blow,
 Wind of the western sea!
 Over the rolling waters go,
 Come from the dying moon, and blow,
 Blow him again to me;
 While my little one, while my pretty one, sleeps.

Sleep and rest, sleep and rest,
 Father will come to thee soon;
 Rest, rest, on mother's breast,
 Father will come to thee soon;
 Father will come to his babe in the nest,
 Silver sails all out of the west
 Under the silver moon:
 Sleep, my little one, sleep, my pretty one, sleep.
LORD TENNYSON.

(c) *PIPES AND BUGLES*

WAKEN, LORDS AND LADIES GAY

WAKEN, lords and ladies gay:
 On the mountain dawns the day;
 All the jolly chase is here,
 With hawk and horse and hunting-spear;
 Hounds are in their couples yelling,
 Hawks are whistling, horns are knelling,
 Merrily, merrily, mingle they.
 'Waken, lords and ladies gay.'

Waken, lords and ladies gay:
 The mist has left the mountain gray;
 Springlets in the dawn are steaming,
 Diamonds on the brake are gleaming,
 And foresters have busy been,
 To track the buck in thicket green;
 Now we come to chant our lay:
 'Waken, lords and ladies gay.'

Waken, lords and ladies gay,
 To the green-wood haste away;
 We can show you where he lies,
 Fleet of foot and tall of size;

We can show the marks he made
When 'gainst the oak his antlers frayed;
You shall see him brought to bay.
 ' Waken, lords and ladies gay.'

Louder, louder chant the lay:
 ' Waken, lords and ladies gay; '
Tell them, youth and mirth and glee
Run a course as well as we.
Time, stern huntsman, who can baulk,
Staunch as hound and fleet as hawk?
Think of this, and rise with day,
 Gentle lords and ladies gay.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

PIPER, PLAY!

Now the furnaces are out,
And the aching anvils sleep;
Down the road the grimy rout
 Tramples homeward twenty deep.
 Piper, play! Piper, play!
 Though we be o'er-laboured men.
 Ripe for rest, pipe your best!
 Let us foot it once again!

Bridled looms delay their din;
All the humming wheels are spent;
Busy spindles cease to spin;
 Warp and woof must rest content.
 Piper, play! Piper, play!
 For a little we are free!
 Foot it girls and shake your curls,
 Haggard creatures though we be!

JOHN DAVIDSON

Racked and soiled the faded air
Freshens in our holiday;
Clouds and tides our respite share;
Breezes linger by the way.
Piper, rest; Piper, rest!
Now, a carol of the moon!
Piper, Piper, play your best!
Melt the sun into your tune!

We are of the humblest grade;
Yet we dare to dance our full:
Male and female were we made—
Fathers, mothers, lovers still!
Piper,—softly; soft and low;
Pipe of love in mellow notes,
Till the tears begin to flow,
And our hearts are in our throats!

Nameless as the stars of night
Far in galaxies unfurled,
Yet we wield unrivalled might,
Joints and hinges of the world!
Night and day! Night and day!
Sound the song the hours rehearse!
Work and play! Work and play!
The order of the universe!

Now the furnaces are out,
And the aching anvils sleep;
Down the road, a merry rout
Dances homeward, twenty deep.
Piper, play! Piper, play!
Wearied people though we be,
Ripe for rest, pipe your best!
For a little we are free.

JOHN DAVIDSON.

A MUSICAL INSTRUMENT

WHAT was he doing, the great god Pan,
 Down in the reeds by the river?
 Spreading ruin and scattering ban,
 Splashing and paddling with hoofs of a goat
 And breaking the golden lilies afloat
 With the dragon-fly on the river.

He tore out a reed, the great god Pan,
 From the deep, cool bed of the river:
 The limpid water turbidly ran,
 And the broken lilies a-dying lay,
 And the dragon-fly had fled away,
 Ere he brought it out of the river.

High on the shore sat the great god Pan,
 While turbidly flowed the river;
 And hacked and hewed as a great god can,
 With his hard bleak steel at the patient reed,
 Till there was not a sign of the leaf indeed
 To prove it fresh from the river.

He cut it short, did the great god Pan,
 (How tall it stood in the river!)
 Then drew the pith, like the heart of a man,
 Steadily from the outside ring,
 And notched the poor, dry, empty thing
 In holes, as he sat by the river.

'This is the way,' laughed the great god Pan,
 (Laughed as he sat by the river),
 'The only way, since gods began
 To make sweet music, they could succeed.'
 Then dropping his mouth to a hole in the reed,
 He blew in power by the river.

Sweet, sweet, sweet, O Pan!

Piercing sweet by the river!

Blinding sweet, O great god Pan!

The sun on the hill forgot to die,

And the lilies revived, and the dragon-fly

Came back to dream on the river.

Yet half a beast is the great god Pan,

To laugh as he sits by the river,

Making a poet out of a man:

The true gods sigh for the cost and pain,—

For the reed which grows nevermore again

As a reed with the reeds in the river.

E. B. BROWNING.

SOUND, SOUND THE CLARION

SOUND, sound, the clarion, fill the fife!

To all the sensual world proclaim,

One crowded hour of glorious life

Is worth an age without a name.

T. O. MORDAUNT.

BLOW, BUGLE, BLOW

THE splendour falls on castle walls

And snowy summits old in story:

The long light shakes across the lakes,

And the wild cataract leaps in glory.

Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,

Blow, bugle: answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying,

O hark, O hear! how thin and clear,

And thinner, clearer, farther going!

O sweet and far from cliff and scar

The horns of elfland faintly blowing!

Blow, let us hear the purple glens replying:
Blow, bugle: answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.

O love, they die in yon rich sky,
They faint on hill or field or river:
Our echoes roll from soul to soul,
And grow for ever and for ever.

Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,
And answer, echoes, answer, dying, dying, dying.

LORD TENNYSON.

THE BONNY EARL OF MORAY

YE Highlands and ye Lowlands,
O where hae ye been?
They hae slain the Earl of Moray,
An' hae laid him on the green.

Now wae be to thee, Huntly!
An' wherefore did ye sae!
I bade you bring him wi' ye,
An' forbade ye him to slay.

He was a braw gallant,
An' he rade at the ring;
An' the bonny Earl of Moray,
O he might hae been a king!

He was a braw gallant,
An' he play'd at the ba';
An' the bonny Earl of Moray
Was the flower amang them a'!

He was a braw gallant,
An' he play'd at the glove;
An' the bonny Earl of Moray,
O he was the Queen's luv!

O lang will his Lady
 Look owre the Castle Doune,
 Or she see the Earl of Moray
 Come soundin' through the toun!
 ANONYMOUS.

LAMENT FOR MACLEOD OF RAASAY

ALLAN IAN ÒG MACLEOD of Raasay,
 Treasure of mine, lies yonder dead in Loos,
 His body unadorned by Highland raiment,
 Trammelled, for glorious hours, in Saxon trews.
 Never man before of all his kindred
 Went so apparelled to the burial knowe,
 But with the pleated tartan for his shrouding,
 The bonnet on his brow.

My grief! that Allan should depart so sadly,
 When no wild mountain pipe his bosom wrung,
 With no one of his race beside his shoulder,
 Who knew his history and spoke his tongue.
 Ah! lonely death and drear for darling Allan!
 Before his ghost had taken wings and gone,
 Loud would he cry in Gaelic to his gallants,
 ' Children of storm, press on! '

Beside him, when he fell there in his beauty,
 Macleods of all the islands should have died;
 Brave hearts his English!—but they could not fathom
 To what old deeps the voice of Allan cried,
 When in that strange French countryside war-battered,
 Far from the creeks of home and hills of heath,
 A boy, he kept the old tryst of his people
 With the dark girl Death.

or] ere

Oh Allan Ian Òg! Oh Allan aluinn!

Sore is my heart remembering the past,
And you, of Raasay's ancient gentle children,
The farthest-wandered, kindest and last.
It should have been the brave dead of the islands
That heard ring o'er their tombs your battle-cry,
To shake them from their sleep again, and quicken
Peaks of Torridon and Skye!

Gone in the mist the brave Macleods of Raasay,
Far furth from fortune, sundered from their lands,
And now the last grey stone of Castle Raasay
Lies desolate and levelled with the sands;
But pluck the old isle from its roots deep planted
Where tides cry coronach round the Hebrides,
And it will bleed of the Macleods lamented,
Their loves and memories! NEIL MUNRO.

THE DIRGE OF RORY O'MORE

UP the sea-saddened valley at ev'ning's decline,
A heifer walks lowing—' the silk of the kine ';
From the deep to the mountains she roams and again
From the mountain's green urn to the purple-rimmed
plain.

What seek'st thou, sad mother? Thine own is not thine!
He dropped from the headland—he sank in the brine!
'Twas a dream! but in dreams at thy foot did he follow
Thro' the meadow-sweet on by the marish and mallow.
Was he thine? Have they slain him? Thou seek'st him
not knowing

Thyself, too, art theirs—thy sweet breath and sad lowing!
Thy gold horn is theirs, thy dark eye and thy silk,
And that which torments thee, thy milk is their milk.

'Twas no dream, Mother Land! 'Twas no dream,
Innisfail!

Hope dreams, but grief dreams not—the grief of the Gael!
From Leix and Ikerrin to Donegal's shore

Rolls the dirge of thy last and thy bravest—O'More!

AUBREY DE VERE.

THE MUSTER OF THE FALLEN ANGELS

THEN straight commands, that at the warlike sound
Of trumpets loud and clarions be uprear'd
His mighty standard: that proud honour claim'd
Azazel as his right, a cherub tall;
Who forthwith from the glittering staff unfurl'd
The imperial ensign, which, full high advanced
Shone like a meteor streaming to the wind,
With gems and golden lustre rich emblazed,
Seraphic arms and trophies; all the while
Sonorous metal blowing martial sounds:
At which the universal host up sent
A shout that tore hell's concave, and beyond
Frighted the reign of Chaos and old Night.
All in a moment through the gloom were seen
Ten thousand banners rise into the air
With orient colours waving: with them rose
A forest huge of spears; and thronging helms
Appear'd, and serried shields in thick array
Of depth immeasurable; anon they move
In perfect phalanx to the Dorian mood
Of flutes and soft recorders; such as raised
To height of noblest temper heroes old
Arming to battle; and instead of rage
Deliberate valour breathed, firm, and unmoved
With dread of death to flight or foul retreat;

Nor wanting power to mitigate and 'suage
 With solemn touches troubled thoughts, and chase
 Anguish, and doubt, and fear, and sorrow, and pain,
 From mortal or immortal minds. Thus they,
 Breathing united force, with fixed thought,
 Moved on in silence to soft pipes, that charm'd
 Their painful steps o'er the burnt soil; and now
 Advanced in view they stand, a horrid front
 Of dreadful length and dazzling arms, in guise
 Of warriors old with order'd spear and shield.

JOHN MILTON.

(f) *BIRD SONGS*

SPRING'S WELCOME

SPRING, the sweet Spring, is the year's pleasant king;
 Then blooms each thing, then maids dance in a ring,
 Cold doth not sting, the pretty birds do sing,
 Cuckoo, jug, jug, pu we, to witta woo.

The palm and may make country houses gay,
 Lambs frisk and play, the shepherds pipe all day,
 And we hear aye birds tune this merry lay,
 Cuckoo, jug, jug, pu we, to witta woo.

The fields breathe sweet, the daisies kiss our feet,
 Young lovers meet, old wives a-sunning sit,
 In every street these tunes our ears do greet,
 Cuckoo, jug, jug, pu we, to witta woo.

Spring the sweet Spring!

THOMAS NASH.

HARK! HARK! THE LARK

HARK! Hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings,
 And Phoebus 'gins arise,
 His steeds to water at those springs
 On chaliced flowers that lies;

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

And winking Mary-buds begin
 To ope their golden eyes;
 With everything that pretty bin,
 My lady sweet arise;
 Arise, arise. WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

TO THE LARK

Good speed, for I this day
 Betimes my matins say,
 Because I do
 Begin to woo:
 Sweet singing lark,
 Be thou the clerk,
 And know thy when
 To say Amen.
 And if I prove
 Blest in my love,
 Then thou shalt be
 High priest to me,
 At my return,
 To incense burn,
 And so to solemnize
 Love's and my sacrifice.

ROBERT HERRICK.

HARK, HOW THE BIRDS DO SING

HARK, how the birds do sing
 And woods do ring!
 All creatures have their joy, and man has his.
 Yet if we rightly measure,
 Man's joy and pleasure
 Rather hereafter than at present is.

Not that he may not here
Taste of the cheer;

But as birds drink, and straight lift up their head,
So must he sip, and think
Of better drink
He may attain to after he is dead.
Yet ev'n the greatest griefs
May be reliefs,
Could he but take them right and in their ways.
Happy is he whose heart
Hath found the art
To turn his double pains to double praise.

GEORGE HERBERT.

SPRING'S WELCOME

WHAT bird so sings, yet so does wail?
O 'tis the ravish'd nightingale!
Jug, jug, jug, jug, tereu! she cries,
And still her woes at midnight rise.
Brave prick-song! Who is 't now we hear?
None but the lark so shrill and clear;
Now at heaven's gate she claps her wings,
'The morn not waking till she sings.
Hark, hark, with what a pretty throat
Poor robin redbreast tunes his note!
Hark how the jolly cuckoos sing
Cuckoo! to welcome in the spring!
Cuckoo! to welcome in the spring!

JOHN LYLY.

TO THE OWL

THY tuwhits are lull'd, I wot,
 Thy tuwhoos of yesternight,
 Which upon the dark afloat
 So took echo with delight,
 So took echo with delight,
 That her voice untuneful grown
 Wears all day a fainter tone.
 I would mock thy chaunt anew;
 But I cannot mimick it;
 Not a whit of thy tuwhoo,
 Thee to woo to thy tuwhit,
 Thee to woo to thy tuwhit,
 With a lengthen'd loud halloo,
 Tuwhoo, tuwhit, tuwhit, tuwhoo-o-o.

LORD TENNYSON.

GLYCINE'S SONG

A SUNNY shaft did I behold,
 From sky to earth it slanted:
 And poised therein a bird so bold—
 Sweet bird, thou wert enchanted!
 He sunk, he rose, he twinkled, he trolled
 Within that shaft of sunny mist;
 His eyes of fire, his beak of gold,
 All else of amethyst!
 And thus he sang: 'Adieu! adieu!
 Love's dreams prove seldom true.
 The blossoms they make no delay:
 The sparkling dew-drops will not stay:
 Sweet month of May, we must away;
 Far, far away! to-day! to-day!

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

(g) *BELLS, DIRGES, CAROLS*

THE BELL-MAN

FROM noise of scare-fires rest ye free,
 From Murders—Benedicite.
 From all mischances, that may fright
 Your pleasing slumbers in the night:
 Mercie secure ye all, and keep
 The Goblin from ye, while ye sleep.
 Past one o'clock, and almost two,
 My masters all, Good day to you!

ROBERT HERRICK.

THE BELLS OF SHANDON

WITH deep affection and recollection
 I often think of those Shandon bells,
 Whose sounds so wild would, in the days of childhood,
 Fling around my cradle their magic spells.
 On this I ponder where'er I wander,
 And thus grow fonder, sweet Cork, of thee;
 With thy bells of Shandon,
 That sound so grand on
 The pleasant waters of the river Lee.
 I've heard bells chiming full many a clime in,
 Tolling sublime in cathedral shrine,
 While at a glib rate brass tongues would vibrate;
 But all their music spoke naught like thine;
 For memory, dwelling on each proud swelling
 Of the belfry, knelling its bold notes free,
 Made the bells of Shandon
 Sound far more grand on
 The pleasant waters of the river Lee.

I've heard bells tolling old Adrian's Mole in,
 Their thunder rolling from the Vatican,
 And cymbals glorious, swinging uproarious
 In the gorgeous turrets of Nôtre Dame:
 But thy sounds were sweeter than the Dome of Peter
 Flings o'er the Tiber, pealing solemnly—

O! the bells of Shandon

Sound far more grand on

The pleasant waters of the river Lee.

There 's a bell in Moscow, while on tower and kiosk O!
 In St. Sophia the Turkman gets,
 And loud in air calls men to prayer,
 From the tapering summits of tall minarets.
 Such empty phantom I freely grant them;
 But there 's an anthem more dear to me,—

'Tis the bells of Shandon,

That sound so grand on

The pleasant waters of the river Lee.

FATHER PROUT.

CALLER HERRIN'

WHA'LL buy my caller herrin'?

They're bonnie fish and halesome farin';

Wha'll buy caller herrin',

New drawn frae the Forth?

When ye were sleepin' on your pillows,

Dream'd ye aught o' our puir fellows,

Darkling as they fac'd the billows,

A' to fill the woven willows?

Buy my caller herrin',

New drawn frae the Forth.

Wha'll buy my caller herrin'?
 They're no brought here without brave darin';
 Buy my caller herrin',
 Haul'd through wind and rain.
 Wha'll buy my caller herrin'? &c.

Wha'll buy my caller herrin'?
 O, ye may ca' them vulgar farin'—
 Wives and mithers, maist despairin',
 Ca' them lives o' men.
 Wha'll buy my caller herrin'? &c.

When the creel o' herrin' passes,
 Ladies, clad in silks and laces,
 Gather in their braw pelisses,
 Cast their heads and screw their faces.
 Wha'll buy my caller herrin'? &c.

Neebour wives, now tent my tellin';
 When the bonnie fish ye're sellin',
 At ae word be in your dealin',
 Truth will stand then a' thing's failin'.
 Wha'll buy caller herrin'?
 They're bonnie fish and halesome farin',
 Wha'll buy caller herrin',
 New drawn frae the Forth?

LADY NAIRNE.

THE CHIMES

BRIEF, on a flying night,
 From the shaken tower,
 A flock of bells take flight,
 And go with the hour.

ALICE MEYNELL

Like birds from the cote to the gales,
 Abrupt—O hark!
 A fleet of bells sets sails,
 And goes to the dark.

Sudden the cold airs swing,
 Alone, aloud,
 A verse of bells takes wing
 And flies with the cloud. ALICE MEYNELL.

AGAINST OBLIVION

CITIES drowned in olden time
 Keep, they say, a magic chime
 Rolling up from far below
 When the moon-led waters flow.

So within me, ocean deep,
 Lies a sunken world asleep.
 Lest its bells forget to ring,
 Memory! set the tide a-swing.

SIR HENRY NEWBOLT.

A LYKE-WAKE DIRGE

THIS æ nighte, this æ nighte,
 —Every nighte and alle,
 Fire and fleet and candle-lighte,
 And Christe receive thy saule.

When thou from hence away art past,
 —Every nighte and alle,
 To Whinnymuir thou com'st at last;
 And Christe receive thy saule.

fleet] floor (?)

If ever thou gavest hosen and shoon
—Every nighte and alle,
Sit thee down and put them on;
And Christe receive thy saule.

If hosen and shoon thou never gav'st nane,
—Every nighte and alle,
The whinnes sall prick thee to the bare bane;
And Christe receive thy saule.

From Whinnymuir when thou may'st pass,
—Every nighte and alle,
To Brig o' Dread thou com'st at last,
And Christe receive thy saule.

From Brig o' Dread when thou may'st pass,
—Every nighte and alle,
To Purgatory fire thou com'st at last,
And Christe receive thy saule.

If ever thou gav 'st meat and drink,
—Every nighte and alle,
The fire sall never make thee shrink;
And Christe receive thy saule.

If meat and drink thou ne'er gav'st nane,
—Every nighte and alle,
The fire will burn thee to the bare bane;
And Christe receive thy saule.

This ae nighte, this ae nighte,
—Every nighte and alle,
Fire and fleet, and candle-lighte,
And Christe receive thy saule.

FIDELE

FEAR no more the heat o' the sun,
Nor the furious winter's rages;
Thou thy worldly task hast done,
Home art gone and ta'en thy wages:
Golden lads and girls all must,
As chimney-sweepers, come to dust.

Fear no more the frown o' the great;
Thou art past the tyrant's stroke;
Care no more to clothe and eat;
To thee the reed is as the oak:
The sceptre, learning, physic, must
All follow this and come to dust.

Fear no more the lightning-flash,
Nor the all-dreaded thunder stone;
Fear not slander, censure rash,
Thou hast finished joy and moan:
All lovers young, all lovers must
Consign to thee and come to dust.

No exorciser harm thee!
Nor no witchcraft charm thee!
Ghost unlaid forbear thee!
Nothing ill come near thee!
Quiet consummation have;
And renowned be thy grave!

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

DEADMAN'S DIRGE

PRAYER unsaid, and Mass unsung,
Deadman's dirge must still be rung:
Dingle-dong, the dead bells sound!
Mermen chant his dirge around!

Wash him bloodless, smooth him fair,
Stretch his limbs, and sleek his hair:
 Dingle-dong, the dead bells go!
 Mermen swing them to and fro!

In the wormless sand shall he
Feast for no foul glutton be:
 Dingle-dong, the dead bells chime!
 Mermen keep the tone and time!

We must with a tombstone brave
Shut the shark out from his grave:
 Dingle-dong, the dead bells toll!
 Mermen dirgers ring his knoll!

Such a slab will we lay o'er him,
All the dead shall rise before him:
 Dingle-dong, the dead bells boom!
 Mermen lay him in his tomb!

GEORGE DARLEY.

IF THOU WILT EASE THINE HEART

If thou wilt ease thine heart
Of love and all its smart,
 Then sleep, dear, sleep;
And not a sorrow
 Hang any tear on your eyelashes;
 Lie still and deep,
 Sad soul, until the sea-wave washes
The rim o' the sun to-morrow,
 In eastern sky.

But wilt thou cure thine heart
Of love and all its smart,
 Then die, dear, die;

'Tis deeper, sweeter,
 Than on a rose-bank to lie dreaming
 With folded eye;
 And there alone amid the beaming
 Of Love's stars, thou'lt meet her
 In eastern sky.

THOMAS LOVELL BEDDOES.

THE SANG O' THE BELL

Bring them alang, the young, the strang,
 The weary an' the auld;
 Feed as they will on haugh or hill,
 This is the only fauld.

Dibble them doon, the laird, the loon,
 King an' the cadgin' caird;
 The lady fine beside the queyn,
 A' in the same kirkyaird.

The warst, the best, they a' get rest,
 Ane, 'neath a headstane braw
 Wi' deep-cut text; while owre the next
 The wavin' grass is a'.

Mighty o' name, unknown to fame,
 Slippit aneath the sod;
 Greatest an' least alike face East
 Waitin' the trump o' God.

CHARLES MURRAY.

A LAMENT FOR FLODDEN

I've heard them liltin' at our yowe-milkin'—
 Lassies a-liltin' before the dawn o' day;
 But now they are moanin' on ilka green loanin':
 The Flowers of the Forest are a' wede away.

At buchts in the mornin', nae blythe lads are scornin';
 Lasses are lanely and dowie and wae;—
 Nae daffin', nae gabbin', but sighin' and sabbin',
 Ilk ane lifts her leglin and hies her away.

In hairst, at the shearin', nae youths now are jeerin'—
 Bandsters are lyart and runckled and grey:
 At fair or at preachin', nae wooin', nae fleechin':
 The Flowers of the Forest are a' wede away.

At e'en, in the gloamin', nae swankies are roamin',
 'Bout stacks wi' the lasses at bogle to play;
 But ilk maid sits drearie, lamentin' her dearie:
 The Flowers of the Forest are a' wede away.

Dule and wae for the order sent our lads to the Border!
 The English, for ance, by guile wan the day;—
 The Flowers of the Forest, that foucht aye the foremost
 The prime of our land, are cauld in the clay.

We'll hear nae mair liltin' at our yowe-milkin';
 Women and bairns are heartless and wae;
 Sighin' and moanin' on ilka green loanin':
 The Flowers of the Forest are a' wede away.

JEAN ELLIOT.

IN TIME OF PESTILENCE

ADIEU, farewell earth's bliss!
 This world uncertain is:
 Fond are life's lustful joys,
 Death proves them all but toys.
 None from his darts can fly;
 I am sick, I must die—

Lord, have mercy on us!

buchts] folds
 lyart] hoary
 bogle] barley-break

daffin'] jesting
 fleechin'] pleading

leglin] milking-pail
 swankies] swains

Rich men, trust not in wealth,
Gold cannot buy you health;
Physic himself must fade;
All things to end are made;
The plague full swift goes by;
I am sick, I must die—

Lord, have mercy on us!

Beauty is but a flower
Which wrinkles will devour;
Brightness falls from the air;
Queens have died young and fair;
Dust hath closed Helen's eye;
I am sick, I must die—

Lord, have mercy on us!

Strength stoops unto the grave,
Worms feed on Hector brave,
Swords may not fight with fate;
Earth still holds ope her gate;
Come, come! the bells do cry;
I am sick, I must die—

Lord, have mercy on us!

Wit with his wantonness
Tasteth death's bitterness;
Hell's executioner
Hath no ears for to hear
What vain art can reply;
I am sick, I must die—

Lord, have mercy on us!

Haste therefore each degree
To welcome destiny;
Heaven is our heritage,
Earth but a player's stage.

Mount we unto the sky;

I am sick, I must die—

Lord, have mercy on us!

THOMAS NASH.

LAMENT FOR THE MAKARIS

I THAT in heill was and gladnèss

Am trublit now with great sickness

And feblit with infirmitie:—

Timor Mortis conturbat me.

Our plesance here is all vain glory,

This fals world is but transitory,

The flesh is bruckle, the Feynd is slee:—

Timor Mortis conturbat me.

The stait of man does change and vary,

Now sound, now sick, now blyth, now sary,

Now dansand mirry, now like to die:—

Timor Mortis conturbat me.

Na stait in Erd here standis siccar;

As with the wynd wavis the wicker

So wavis this warldis vanitie:—

Timor Mortis conturbat me.

Unto the Death gois all Estatis,

Princis, Prelatis, and Potestatis,

Baith rich and puir of all degree:—

Timor Mortis conturbat me.

He takis the knichtis in-to field

Enarmit under helm and scheild;

Victor he is at all mellie:—

Timor Mortis conturbat me.

heill] heath

bruckle] brittle

That strong unmerciful tyrand
 Takis, on the moderis breast sowkand,
 The babe, full of benignitie:—
 Timor Mortis conturbat me.

He takis the campion in the stour,
 The capitane closit in the tour,
 The lady in bour full of bewtie:—
 Timor Mortis conturbat me.

He spairis no lord for his puissance,
 Na clerk for his intelligence;
 His awful straik may no man flee:—
 Timor Mortis conturbat me.

Art-magicianis and astrologis,
 Rethoris, logicianis, and theologis,
 Them helpis no conclusionis slee:—
 Timor Mortis conturbat me.

In medicine the most practicianis,
 Leechis, surigianis, and physicianis,
 Themself fra Death may not supplee:—
 Timor Mortis conturbat me.

I see that makaris amang the lave
 Playis here their padyanis, syne gois to grave;
 Sparit is nochte their facultie:—
 Timor Mortis conturbat me.

He has done piteously devour
 The noble Chaucer, of makaris flour,
 The Monk of Bury, and Gower, all three:—
 Timor Mortis conturbat me.

makaris] poets padyanis] pageants

The good Sir Hew of Eglintoun,
Ettrick, Heriot, and Wintoun,
He has tane out of this countrie:—

Timor Mortis conturbat me.

That scorpion fell has done infeck
Maister John Clerk, and James Affleck,
Fra ballat-making and tragedie:—

Timor Mortis conturbat me.

Holland and Barbour he has berevit;
Alas! that he not with us leavit
Sir Mungo Lockhart of the Lee:—

Timor Mortis conturbat me.

He has Blind Harry and Sandy Traill
Slain with his schour of mortal hail,
Quhilk Patrick Johnstoun might nought flee:—

Timor Mortis conturbat me.

In Dunfermline he has tane Broun
With Maister Robert Henrysoun;
Sir John the Ross embrast has he:—

Timor Mortis conturbat me.

And he has now tane, last of a,
Good gentil Stobo and Quintin Shaw,
Of quhom all wichtis hes pitie:—

Timor Mortis conturbat me.

Good Maister Walter Kennedy
In point of Death lies verily;
Great ruth it were that so suld be:—

Timor Mortis conturbat me.

Sen he has all my brether tane,
He will nocht let me live alane;
Of force I maun his next prey be:—

Timor Mortis conturbat me.

Since for the Death remeid is none,
 Best is that we for Death dispone,
 After our death that live may we:—
 Timor Mortis conturbat me.

WILLIAM DUNBAR.

JOLLY WAT

THE shepard upon a hill he sat;
 He had on him his tabard and his hat,
 His tarbox, his pipe and his flagat;
 His name was callèd Joly, Joly, Wat,
 For he was a gud herdès boy.

Ut hoy!

For in his pipe he made so much joy.
 The shepard upon a hill was laid;
 His dog unto his girdell was taid;
 He had not slept but a litell braid,
 But 'Gloria in Excelsis' was to him said.

Ut hoy!

For in his pipe he made so much joy.
 The shepard on a hill he stode;
 Round about him his shepe they yode;
 He put his hond under his hode,
 He saw a star as rede as blode.

Ut hoy!

For in his pipe he made so much joy.
 The shepard said anon aright,
 'I will go see yon ferly sight,
 Whereas the angel singeth on hight,
 And the star that shineth so bright.'

Ut hoy!

For in his pipe he made so much joy.

taid] tied braid] while

‘ Now farewell, Mall, and also Will!
For my love go ye all still
Unto I come again you till,
And evermore, Will, ring well thy bell.’

Ut hoy!

For in his pipe he made so much joy.

‘ Now must I go there Crist was born;
Farewell! I cum again to-morn.
Dog, keep well my shepe from the corn,
And warn well “ Warroke ” when I blow my horn! ’

Ut hoy!

For in his pipe he made so much joy.

Whan Wat to Bedlem cumen was,
He swet, he had gone faster than a pace;
He found Jesu in a simpell place,
Between an ox but and an asse.

Ut hoy!

For in his pipe he made so much joy.

‘ Jesu, I offer to thee here my pipe,
My skirt, my tarbox and my scrip;
Home to my felowes now will I skip,
And also look unto my shepe.’

Ut hoy!

For in his pipe he made so much joy.

‘ Now farewell, mine own herdsman Wat! ’—
‘ Yea, for God, lady, even so I hat;
Lull well Jesu in thy lap,
And farewell, Joseph, with thy round cap! ’

Ut hoy!

For in his pipe he made so much joy.

‘ Now may I well both hope and sing,
 For I have bene at Cristes bering;
 Home to my felowes now will I fling.
 Crist of heven to his bliss us bring! ’

Ut hoy!

For in his pipe he made so much joy.

THE BURNING BABE

As I in hoary winter’s night
 Stood shivering in the snow,
 Surprised I was with sudden heat
 Which made my heart to glow;
 And lifting up a fearful eye
 To view what fire was near,
 A pretty babe all burning bright
 Did in the air appear;
 Who, scorched with excessive heat,
 Such floods of tears did shed,
 As though His floods should quench His flames,
 Which with His tears were bred:
 ‘ Alas!’ quoth He, ‘ but newly born
 In fiery heats I fry,
 Yet none approach to warm their hearts
 Or feel My fire but I!

‘ My faultless breast the furnace is;
 The fuel, wounding thorns;
 Love is the fire, and sighs the smoke;
 The ashes, shames and scorns;
 The fuel Justice layeth on,
 And Mercy blows the coals,
 The metal in this furnace wrought
 Are men’s defiled souls:

For which, as now on fire I am
 To work them to their good,
 So will I melt into a bath,
 To wash them in My blood,
 With this He vanish'd out of sight
 And swiftly shrunk away,
 And straight I callèd unto mind
 That it was Christmas Day.

ROBERT SOUTHWELL.

I SING OF A MAIDEN

I SING of a maiden
 That is makeles;
 King of all kings
 To her son she ches.
 He came al so still
 Where his mother was,
 As dew in April
 That falleth on the grass.
 He came al so still,
 To his mother's bour,
 As dew in April
 That falleth on the flour.
 He came al so still
 Where his mother lay,
 As dew in April
 That falleth on the spray.
 Mother and maiden
 Was ever none but she;
 Well may such a lady
 Goddès mother be.

makeles] matchless

ches] chose

THE FALCON

LULLY, lullay! lully, lullay!
 The faucon hath borne my make away!
 He bare him up, he bare him down,
 He bare him into an orchard brown.
 In that orchard there was an halle,
 That was hangèd with purple and pall.
 And in that hall there was a bed,
 It was hangèd with gold so red.
 And in that bed there li'th a knight,
 His woundès bleedìng day and night.
 At that bed's foot there li'th a hound,
 Licking the blood as it runs down.
 By that bed-side there kneeleth a may,
 And she weepeth both night and day.
 And at that bed's head standeth a stone,
Corpus Christi written theron.
 Lully, lullay! lully, lullay!
 The faucon hath borne my make away.

make] mate

may] maid

BOOKS MUST BE RETURNED
ON THE DATE STAMPED

JAN 21 1963

